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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piemont, and Researches among the Vaudois, or Waldenses, &c. &c. By the Rev. W. S. Gilly, M.A., Rector of North Farnbridge, Essex, &c. 4to. pp. 421. London 1824. C. & J. Rivington.

We dislike intolerance from whatever quarter it springs. Till one man, or one sect, can justly claim what will never belong to any man, or to any sect—perfection; neither man nor sect are entitled to denounce all others as erroneous, corrupt, or ignorant. What we censure in the fiery Hibernian zeal of a historian (noticed in our *Sights of Books*, farther on,) we equally condemn in the religious bigotry of the Rector of North Farnbridge. Nor are we, therefore, advocates for the sacrifice of principles, nor for that excess of conciliation which yields to adversaries what it withholds from friends; but we are advocates for the independence of human nature, and hold that, both individually and in the aggregate, one being has as good a right to his opinions as another. But when we listen to certain persons on various sides, both in theology and politics, we observe that each arrogates the infallibility of a Pope; and

"Denies all churches but his own."

Mr. Gilly, though his volume is dedicated to a King, George IV., whose whole reign has been an example of toleration and liberality, has, we think, gone too great lengths in his hostility to a creed which differs from his own. If the Roman Catholics are bigots, why should a Protestant put himself on the same level? If they foolishly anathematize what they consider to be heresy, why should the more enlightened heretic turn upon them, and fight with the same pointless weapons? There is neither sound sense, nor taste, nor judgment, nor propriety, in such a course.

We have less fault to find with the author's enthusiasm on the peculiar subject of his volume. Among the Vaudois, or Waldenses,

* Yet it goes very far, we fear, beyond reason. For example, Mr. G. says of the Vaudois—Some ecclesiastical writers have taken occasion to argue, from the barrenness of the soil, and the providential preservation of this little remnant of the true flock, that it is the church predicted in the book of Revelations, under the representation of the woman who fled into the wilderness from the fury of the dragon. And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore years. And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might flee from the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time and times and half a time, from the face of the serpent. And the dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which kept the commandments of God and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." Rev. xii. 6, 14, 17.

Others say, that the prophecy of the eleventh chapter, and eleventh verse, relates to the restoration of the Vaudois, in the year 1690, after they had been banished from their country three years and a half. And after three days and an half the spirit of life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet, and great fear fell upon them which saw them. These three days and a half are thought to be prophetic days, and every day must be taken for a year.

The following extract, from Bishop Newton's *Dissertations on the Prophecies*, will be read with satisfaction.

the Protestant religion was cradled; and these simple and resolute mountaineers have for many centuries preserved their faith amidst persecutions of the cruellest description. They accordingly offer a noble and inspiring theme for admiration; and we trust Mr. Gilly's efforts on their behalf will be productive of relief and benefit to them. They certainly deserve well of Protestant governments which are able to assist them; and we earnestly recommend the consideration of their wants to the wealthy and powerful, as well as to the legislature of Britain.

We will now illustrate these few previous remarks; and in the first place quote what the author says in his hot and furious indignation against the Church of Rome:

"It is easy to draw a parallel between Christian worship, falsely so called in the hands of the Papists, and the popular religion of Rome and Greece; nor is it difficult to prove, that the miracles, the mummeries, and over-burdened rites of the former, are but a revival of the fables, and sacred observances of the latter. What, for instance, is the exaltation of martyrs and popes, to the rank of angelic beings, but the old pagan deification of men, and wherein does the canonization of saints differ from an heathen apotheosis? If there be any difference, it is in favour of the heathens; for though they might worship the spirits of deceased heroes, they did not cherish their bones, or shew a score of skulls of the same person. The veneration of relics is a pious fraud, reserved for those who affect to be the professors of a more spiritual religion."

"The Roman Catholic condemns, as false, the amours of Jupiter and Danaë; yet he makes no scruple of marrying Christ to St. Catharine, of Sienna, and would deem the disbelief of it a sin, though the mere repetition of such a fiction has something in it almost blasphemous to Protestant ears. Nay, the Romanist affects to have evidence for his fact; he appeals to documents; he shews you, in the public library of Sienna, the correspondence between the sainted Catharine and her affianced Redeemer, and her mother-in-law, the Virgin Mary. I have seen too, in

tion by those who agree with that learned prelate; and the concluding anecdote will be considered one of the most extraordinary of the kind that ever was recorded:

"Bishop Lloyd, and after him Mr. Whiston, apply this prophecy to the poor Protestants in the valleys of Piedmont, who, by a cruel edict of their sovereign, the Duke of Savoy, instigated by the French king, were imprisoned, or murdered, or banished, and totally disipated at the latter end of the year 1696. They were kindly received and succoured by the Protestant states; and, after awhile, secretly entering Savoy with their swords in their hands, they regained their ancient possessions, with great slaughter of their enemies; and the duke himself, having then left the French interests, granted them a full pardon, and re-established them by another edict, signed June 4, 1699; just three years and a half after their total disipation. Bishop Lloyd not only understood the prophecy in this manner, but, what is very remarkable, made the application even before the event took place, as Mr. Whiston relates; and upon this ground encouraged a refugee minister of the Vaudois, who named himself Jordan, to return home; and, returning, he spread the joyful news of the deliverance and restitution of his country."

the cathedral of Milan, a large painting, representing our Saviour as exchanging his own blood with that of St. Catharine of Sienna!

"The Italians of the present day have no better authority for invoking the spirits of departed martyrs, than the Gentiles of old for calling upon the gods of the nations; and the lazy clown, who implored the aid of Hercules to help his cart-wheel out of a rut, was not more to be laughed at, than the dull boatmen of Naples, who, at every puff of wind, will leave the helm, and throw themselves upon their knees, to supplicate the assistance of St. Januarius. Numa's assignations with the nymph Egeria, are considered to be the inventions of an artful politician, but who of the Catholic priesthood will permit his flock to doubt that the holy Francis, of Assisi, had real interviews with the Virgin Mary? In the course of my excursion, last year, I paid a visit to the celebrated church and convent of Madonna degli Angeli, called Porziuncola, near Assisi. One of the monks conducted me through the various scenes of the miracles of St. Francis, the founder of his order, and kept entertaining me with legends, many of which I really should have supposed were the fictions of his own brain, if he had not afterwards presented me with a small book, entitled, 'Breve descrizione della Sagra Basilica di S. Maria degli Angeli,' published by the Pope's authority, and containing a full history of all that saint's marvellous adventures. It has gone through twelve editions, and professes to be written for the instruction of the devout, and especially of pilgrims who visit the holy Porziuncola. The following is a literal translation of two of those preposterous tales to which I have alluded.

"It was in the year 1221, and in the month of October, that the holy father, St. Francis, was praying one night very earnestly for sinners, in his own habitation, distant about forty paces from the Porziuncola; and behold an angel came to him, and told him that Christ, and the Virgin Mary, were waiting for him in the chapel. Francis obeyed the invitation, and went and prostrated himself upon the earth, and adored the majesty of the Most High. And Christ said to him, 'Francis, in recompence for the zeal thou hast displayed for the salvation of souls, I permit thee to ask of me whatever thou shalt desire, for the benefit of souls, and for the glory of my name.' And Francis, being prompted by the Virgin, humbly asked, that to all those who should enter that church, pardon and indulgence for all their sins should be freely granted, upon condition of confessing them there to the priest. And Jesus granted his request, but commanded him to go to Perugia, to his vicar, the Pope, and to demand the indulgence in his name."

"In the month of January, in the year 1229, two years after the grant of the indulgence, St. Francis was in his little cell near the Porziuncola, meditating upon the passion of his blessed Redeemer, and lacerating his own body with stripes, when

suddenly he heard a knock at the door, and a voice exclaiming, 'Where is the necessity of so much mortification? You are a young man, and there is time enough before you to prepare for death!' He knew directly that it was Satan, with one of his evil suggestions; and, in order to prevail against him, he threw himself naked into a place full of thorns, which was near at hand, and rolled himself about among them, until every part of his body was pierced and covered with blood. Oh, wonderful prodigy! All of a sudden, the prickly bushes were changed into roses, red and white, without any thorns; the place was illuminated with a brilliant light, the saint was arrayed in white apparel, and a multitude of angels appeared, who invited him to accompany them to the chapel, where Christ was again waiting for him, with his most holy mother. Having plucked twelve red roses, and twelve white, Francis, surrounded by the angels, who spread their wings over him, proceeded by a path which was covered with the most precious stuffs, to the sacred Porziuncola, where he saw, for the second time, Jesus sitting upon one side of the altar, and the Virgin Mary upon the other, &c. &c.

"Such were the impostures by which the most insane, or the most designing of the Roman church, became to be regarded as infallible oracles during their life-time, and adored at their death; for if the Greeks filled Olympus with demi-gods, the Papist has occupied heaven with saints; and when the Pope proceeds to canonize a predecessor, he is only imitating the presumptuous idolatry of the Pontifex Maximus, of imperial Rome, who consecrated altars to Cæsar or Augustus, 'In medio mibi Cæsar erit, templumque tenebit.'—*Virgil*.

"The exorcisms of the Emperor Vespasian, in the first century, and the pretended miraculous cures of Prince Hohenlohe, in the present day, are superstitions of the same family."

Now all this may be very true; but might not a Roman Catholic stake Joanna Southcote, or a similar impostor, against Prince Hohenlohe, and impute all the credulous folly of her idiot followers to be a stain upon the Reformed Church? These are bad arguments which can be so retorted: but having expressed our dislike to the tone of this volume, and otherwise considering it to be but indifferently written, and very prolix, we shall abstain from controversy, and conclude with a very few brief quotations.

The style is "indifferent;" for instance: "There was nothing strikingly interesting in the first sixteen or eighteen miles; but Sterne has said, 'If I were in a desert, I would find out wherewithal to call forth my attention,' and so it was with us. We were in the inclination to be amused, and where that is, amusement is seldom wanting; the scenery was new, if it were not particularly picturesque."

We cannot tell what idiom this is: and a little farther we find—

"At the door of his humble presbytery the aged moderator wrung our hands, and said farewell with every symptom of regret at parting. He stood at the threshold, watching our departing steps, and the last sight that I had of his long grey locks, floating in the wind, left an impression that will not soon be removed. I think it is Johnson who says, that we can rarely see anybody, and part with him, under the belief that we are never to meet again, without some emotion."

Johnson does not say any such thing: he says *place*, not *person*. In the Vaudois territories, Mr. G. states—

"Although we kept a constant look-out, we did not see any of the white hares, or large grey pheasants and partridges, which are frequently found in these parts; nor were we favoured with a sight of the chamois, or of the extraordinary animal called bouquetin, which, like the chamois, is neither goat nor deer, but is between the two, and surpasses the chamois itself in fleetness, strength, and agility. Leger's account of this strange creature, and of the still stranger properties of its blood, though containing no absolute impossibility, yet hardly comes within the bounds of rational belief; I allude only to the latter part of his story, the beginning is credible enough. He says, that when a person is afflicted with a violent cold, he has nothing to do but to mix a few drops with a little wine or soup, to drink it off, and then cover himself up warmly, and lie down. A profuse perspiration will soon relieve him. The historian adds, that he himself tried an experiment, which may serve to throw some light upon the effect which the blood of the bouquetin has upon the human body. He took a small quantity of this blood congealed, and diluted it in wine: he then poured the liquid, so mixed, into a basin full of congealed blood, and it had the effect of liquefying the whole, and reducing it to the same consistency, as if it had just been taken from the body of the animal. Query: will this help to solve the mystery of the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius?"

"The same author's account of the *jumarre*, is equally puzzling to the incredulous, who have to set their own conviction with the veracious character of Leger. He observes: 'This animal is the issue of an union between a bull and a mare, or a bull and an ass; the former, which is the larger of the two, is called *baf*; and the latter, *bif*. The upper jaw of the *baf* is longer than the lower, like a pig's; and the upper teeth are more separated from each other than the lower. On the contrary, the lower jaw of the *bif* is the longest, like that of a hare or rabbit; but the teeth project more. Neither the one nor the other can graze, except where the grass is very long. The head and tail resemble those of a bull; the rest of the body is like that of a horse, or an ass. Their strength is inconceivable: they are less in size than mules; eat but little, and travel with uncommon speed. I myself took a journey of eighteen leagues over the mountains, on the 13th of September, on one of these *jumarres*, and with much more ease than if I had been on horseback."

These extracts will, we think, satisfy our readers that the author has published a large book where a little one would have been much better. A small octavo volume would have much more effectually pleaded the cause of the suffering Vaudois; instead of provoking irritation where favour should be cultivated, and encumbering the subject with tedious fables as well as partial history.

The Buccaneers, and other Poems. By John Malcolm. 12mo. pp. 202. 1824. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd; London, Whittakers.

We have heard it said that Autumn is the season for poetry; nay, we have known some bards go so far as to assert that only in Autumn could they write; as if, like St. Vitus' dance, St. Anthony's fire, and other bad dis-

eases, the fits of poetry were periodical. Now we remember seeing some weak people smile at the aforesaid assertion, on the plea that such poetical votary of the Autumn lived in London. With their heads running on green fields, parti-coloured woods, and all those old-fashioned inspirations, they overlooked the great and manifold changes that mark the progress of the varying year in the metropolis. First, Spring comes with a white flounced petticoat emerging from her pelisse, with her primroses, fresh primroses, her water-cresses, her radishes placed in tempting order on the stalls; the shop-windows shine forth in all their glory; the carriage rattles, and the knocker sounds. Next, Summer is ushered in with the cry of strawberries fourpence a pottle; peas sixpence a peck; gooseberries for almost nothing a gallon; the stalls display their new temptation of black-heart cherries, and the ladies theirs of open worked bonnets and gossamer dresses. And so matters go on, till the appearance of black and green plums, and the re-appearance of a shawl or two, announce that Summer is changed to Autumn; birds are carried about the streets; dark pelisses emerge from their pepper and camphor; again the stalls, those indexes of the seasons, try other charms, and yellow apples, and still more yellow pears, ogle the oysters and rolls and butter by their side, and every body declares 'There's not a creature in town!' At last

"Winter comes to rule the varied year;"

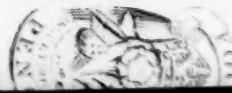
known by its shawls, furs, and oranges, and the stalls smoking with slices of hot plum-pudding and roasted apples. After all these various signs being set forth, who will declare that one season is the same as another, in London? But without having any recourse to leaves, fruits, or flowers, sunshine or storm, we conceive this poetical preference is all in the way of business. Poets are idle, and fall in love in the hot Summer, (there is nothing like being idle for falling in love,) compose during the Autumn, correct the proof-sheets in the Winter, and publish in the Spring. But the author before us has deviated from this rule,—he has actually published during the composing season. This at least shows courage, and suits a soldier, which Mr. Malcolm is. There is some harmonious writing in the *Buccaneer*; but Lord Byron's Corsair has thrown all other Pirates into the back-ground. Though not a new story, "The Spanish Lovers" is a pretty tale; and many of the minor pieces show considerable poetical feeling. We quote the two following:

LINES ON A DEAD SOLDIER.

Wreck of a warrior pass'd away,
Thou form without a name!
Which thought and felt but yesterday,
And dreamt of future fame.
Stripped of thy garments, who shall guess
Thy rank, thy lineage, and race?
If haughty chieftain holding sway,
Or lowlier destined to obey!

The light of that fixed eye is set,
And all is moveless now,
But Passion's traces linger yet,
And lower upon that brow:
Expression has not yet wax'd weak,
The lips seem e'en in act to speak,
And clenched the cold and lifeless hand,
As if it grasped the battle brand.

Though from that head, late towering high,
The waving plume is torn,
And low in dust that form doth lie,
Dishonour'd and forlorn,



Yet Death's dark shadow cannot hide

The graven characters of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore

The son she ne'er shall see?

Or maiden, on some distant shore,

To break her heart for thee?

Perchance to roam a maudlin there,
With wild flower wreaths to deck her hair,
And through the weary night to wait
Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.

Long shall she linger there, in vain

The evening fire shall trim,

And gazing on the darkening main,

Shall often call on him

Who hears her not—who cannot hear:—

Oh! deaf for ever is the ear

That once in listening rapture hung

Upon the music of her tongue!

Long may she dream—to wake is woe!

Ne'er may remembrance tell

Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,

And hope to sigh farewell:—

The heart, bereaving of its stay,

Quenching the beam that cheers her way

Along the waste of life—till she

Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

LINES ON THE LOSS OF A SHIP.

Her mighty sails the breezes swell,

And fast she leaves the lessening land,

And from the shore the last farewell

Is waved by many a snowy hand;

And weeping eyes are on the main,

Until its verge she wanders o'er;

But, from the hour of parting pain,

That bark was never heard of more!

In her was many a mother's joy,

And love of many a weeping fair;

For her was wafted, in its sigh,

The lonely heart's unceasing prayer;

And oh! the thousand hopes untold

Of ardent youth, that vessel bore;

Say, were they quenched in waters cold?

For she was never heard of more!

When on her wide and trackless path

Of desolation, doomed to flee,

Say, sank she 'midst the blending wrath

Of racking cloud and rolling sea?

Or, where the land but mocks the eye,

Went drifting on a fatal shore?

Vain guesses all her destiny

Is dark—she ne'er was heard of more!

The moon hath twelve times changed her form,

From glowing orb to crescent wan;

'Mid skies of calm, and scowl of storm,

Since from her port that ship hath gone;

But ocean keeps its secret well,

And though we know that all is o'er,

No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell

Her fate—she ne'er was heard of more!

Oh! were her tale of sorrow known,

'Twere something to the broken-heart,

The pangs of doubt would then be gone,

And Fancy's endless dreams depart:

It may not be!—there is no ray

By which her doom we may explore;

We only know she sailed away,

And ne'er was seen nor heard of more!

Some of these minor pieces have, we believe, been printed in the Edinburgh Magazine; but they will bear reading twice and any where.

Transactions of the Associated Apothecaries and Surgeon Apothecaries of England and Wales.

Vol. 1. 8vo. pp. 425. London, Burgess & Hill; A. Black, Edinburgh; Hodges & M'Arthur, Dublin; and Cameron, Glasgow.

We have been agreeably disappointed in this book. From the title "Transactions of," &c. we of course expected that it contained heart-rending and terrifying details of a thousand

bloody murders, poisonings, killings, and woundings, in England and Wales; such as might form a fifth division to Geoffrey Crayon's Tales, and be well classed with the "strange," "money-digging," "banditti," and "ghost" stories which that amiable traveller relates. But no such thing. Instead of conjuring up fearful images of

"Murder most foul, as at the best it is," this book is not only a very innocent and harmless, but a very useful treatise on the advancement and actual condition of a very worthy branch of the healing art.

Apothecaries (says the Introductory Essay) are so called from *αποθηκη*, a repository or storehouse of drugs (is it not rather from *ἀπο* and *τεχνή*, to mix or add to?); and they now occupy their proper sphere in civilized society, after warring with physicians, "since two hundred years," and emancipating from under the pole of the barber. Still, however, it appeareth from this volume, that the said apothecaries were not quite reconciled to their old enemies the physicians. Accordingly, in July 1812, they held a meeting, and came to certain resolutions, herein detailed, on the subject of their standing in the intercourse with the world, their remuneration for services, and other points of equal importance.

From this period, the Association have pursued measures, not only to regulate and improve the practice, but to locate its members where they ought to be in relation to other professional men and to the general public. They got a certain large body of the population on their side, by including (not the old women) but the regular "practitioners in midwifery;" and thus fortified, they applied to Parliament for an act of forty-five clauses, which is set forth in the work under our review. Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Calcraft, for reasons best known to themselves, co-operated in forwarding the Bill, which we are sure must have been an unexceptionable one, since a saint and a - - - patron of the playhouse agreed to join forces in promoting its success. Well, the Bill was nevertheless withdrawn, "in consequence of the opposition made to it from all quarters," (Introduction, p. xxxvi.) and at length (compromising with the existing legal bodies of—1 physicians, 2 surgeons, and 3 apothecaries), in January 1815, a new Apothecaries' Act passed the Legislature, by which their "mysteries" were expounded and sanctioned. The authors, however, complain of it as very unsatisfactory, and say that the practice of "surgery and midwifery is still open to every unprincipled pretender," and that ignorant druggists may do what they please.

Pretty news this for "my pensive public!" But the Association has since matured its organization, and we doubt not, (perusing its annual reports) has done much good. Though we hear little of it, yet we do not see the profession most dear to human feelings purged of quacks and impostors. On the contrary, we hear almost weekly of lives lost through ignorance and carelessness; for example, by the sale of oxalic acid for salts. We cannot shut our eyes to the utter incapacity of many practitioners in and about London. And, above all, the rankest crimes are committed in the face of day by a multitude of advertising assassins, who, under one pretence or another, ruin the constitutions and destroy the lives of thousands who foolishly place confidence in their vile nostrums. This last is a horrid evil; and it is astonishing that it should escape the legislature. Men are protected

from swindlers who steal (trash) their purses; but from nefarious villains who superadd the deeper offence of rendering their existence miserable, there is no protection. It is vain to say that people have the option, and make themselves the sacrifices. Even Folly ought to be saved from becoming the prey of remorseless rascality. Yet, after all, we know not in what manner, if at all, the new Association could interfere: we only know that somewhere, in the Government itself, or in those to whom it grants privileges, be they physicians, surgeons, or apothecaries, some remedy ought to be found for this infamous and growing curse.

Having said so much, we trust the Association will no longer, when congratulating itself on its doings, tell us that though hitherto "on the peace establishment," yet if circumstances render it useful, it can achieve great things. Let it

Look well at home: enough there's to be done.

We have only to add, that the Volume contains many curious and excellent surgical and medical papers on various important cases. No practitioner should be without it: and its profits are disinterestedly devoted for premiums for the advancement of science!

Some Account of the Life of Richard Wilson, Esq. R.A. &c. &c. By T. Wright, Esq. 4to. pp. 275. London 1824. Longman, Hurst, & Co.

This is indeed *some* account of the illustrious artist whose name adorns the title-page; but it unfortunately goes farther, and gives us a much more circumstantial and hobbyhorse account of the gentleman himself, who has so kindly undertaken to be the biographer of Wilson. With the best intentions in the world*, Mr. Wright appears to us to have been guilty of a very foolish quarto. He thinks that the genius of our great countryman has not received its due meed of fame, and he has honourably stepped forward to remedy the neglect. We wish the task had been executed with more judgment and less egotism. Wilson's landscapes are not the better for a whitewashing afterwards†. In short, Mr. Wright has evinced no qualifications for his undertaking, but a praiseworthy zeal for the Fine Arts, a just sense of the talents of Wilson, a great fondness for landscape sketching‡, and a strong desire to promote the in-

* The profits of this publication (if there be any) are destined, by his liberality, for the benefit of the Artists' Benevolent Fund; but we fear they will not sensibly augment the means of that charitable institution.

† "I have whitewashed my ceiling (said a bad painter) and I am now going to paint upon it." "It is a pity (said a friend) that you did not paint it first, and whitewash it afterwards."

‡ In recommending the advantages to be derived from the study of the Art, the writer of the present volume has been preceded by others, as his quotations show, but by none of greater similarity of sentiments than the author of "The Compendium of the Theory and Practice of Drawing and Painting." As an instance, the writer of that work observes on the practice of sketching: "Sketches may be considered the short-hand of Art. - - - The Artist's Sketch-Book is not only valuable for what it contains as materials for future practice, it affords a pleasure in the retrospect, a history of times and places, which come with double interest to his recollection. 'As sounds by distance made more sweet.'"

Of sketching, its nature, and character, the author goes on at some length; and then, by way of caution, adds, "Sketching is a favourite and a very fascinating pursuit of the artist, and is even to be guarded against, lest it should seduce him from the needful severity of regular application; he should not fill his sketch-book at the expense of his canvas. The pleasure which sketching affords in ranging from place to place, and bringing the choice and selected parts of nature, may be compared to the sports of the field, but with the addition of intellectual character." There are other instances in which a similarity appears in the writer of the Compendium and

terests of our native school. For these he deserves, personally, every favourable sentiment: but when we are bound to speak honestly of his publication, we must say, that long rignaroles about phrenology; about his own adventures when sketching abroad; about Methodism, the Duke of Marlborough, his own religion (if it be a religion?), Tweddell's remains; General Suwarrow, English travellers, the tricks of his valet at Vienna's, the Prince de Ligne, &c. &c. &c. are terribly misplaced in an account of a deceased artist, whose life had no more connexion with any of these subjects, than with the building of the Wall of China, or the destruction of Jerusalem. We are aware that most of the biographers of artists and literary men have found it necessary to introduce a quantity of extraneous matter, in order to swell out their memoirs to a proper bulk; and, therefore, Mr. Wright may plead precedent. For in reality there are few artists whose history can furnish any thing memorable beyond a catalogue of their works, and an exposition of the nature of their subjects and the style in which they were executed: though when these have excited public attention, and become objects of virtu, curiosity prompts the wish to investigate the mind which produced them, and to be informed of the means which led to such striking results. Beyond this the rest is leather and prunella; and Mr. Wright has indulged so largely in the ultra-excursive, that were we to follow his vagrant pen through one half of the things he has made the subject of remark, our limits would be exhausted by a table of contents. We shall therefore simply observe, that the reader will find a cento upon the subject of art, in quotations from a number of familiar writers, together with many observations which if not altogether new, are clustered together, and mingled with passages on the love of the picturesque carried to a pitch of enthusiasm, not to use a harsher term:—as, when the writer holds landscape painting and religion to be inseparable. But to do him justice, we give his own words:—

"True genuine religion, the author ventures to assert, must ever be found the inseparable companion of landscape painting; that is to say, such a study of the art as is here meant to be understood; and it is totally impossible that the one should be pursued without not only prompting, but implanting and nourishing those sentiments which the other inspires. Will the whole science of logic furnish a more scholastic syllogism than this? The love of nature is religion; painting is the love of nature; therefore, painting is religion. Milton, Gray, Thomson, Cowper, Beattie, Mason, were every one of them painters in this sense of the word; and at the same time, in consequence, in a great measure, of being so, deeply impressed with the sacred truths of our most holy religion, as their respective works, together with the biography of each of them, sufficiently testify."

The writer under consideration: each in their views of Art have endeavoured to recommend the study of it from their own experience of the advantages and pleasures it affords.

† The following is introduced into the elegy on this Scapin:—"At the period alluded to, there was a horse-dealer at Vienna of the name of Hyems, who, not unlike many of the trade, was, to speak technically, 'a very deep hand,' or in other words, a sharp sort of jockey, as there is reason to think several of our countrymen could testify. During conversation at a dinner-party, one of the guests called out, 'What do you think, *mon ami*? Hyems is done up;—the rascal was declared insolvent, only this very day.'—Then *solvitur acris Hyems*," was the immediate reply."

Thus the robber and murderer Salvator, and dozens of other dissolute fellows, drunkards, and rouses, who never gave religion a thought, are, by the mere process of landscape painting, converted into excellent Christians, according to the argument of Mr. Wright. We should have imagined that even his own experience would have prevented him from venturing so absurd a paradox.

But we leave such points for the only real and proper material in the volume,—the Life of Wilson itself: from which it appears that he was one among the most marked examples of neglected merit which has ever been found in the annals of disappointed hopes; though, like the martyrs of old (who suffered for propagating doctrines which have since swayed and influenced the destinies of mankind,) his works have obtained the suffrages of the enlightened, and influenced the practice of professors beyond those of any painter of his time and class; and his style and colouring have become alike standards for Taste and objects for imitation.

R. Wilson was the third son of a clergyman, and born in Montgomeryshire in 1713. He displayed an early predilection for drawing, and was placed under a person of the name of Wright, an obscure portrait painter in Covent Garden, from whom (for he seems unlucky in his *Wrights*) he derived no great advantages. He went to Italy, and there discovered the true bent of his genius for landscape painting. During a six years' residence in that country, he acquired a deserved celebrity, and returned to England in 1755. In London, cabals, quarrels*, and the want of a due sense of his delightful and extraordinary powers, retarded his progress and embittered his days; till at length he retired, almost imbecile, to Colomondie, near Mold, in Wales, where he died in 1782; a very few of his latter moments having been soothed by an independency left him by a brother.

"As every anecdote (says his biographer) respecting so distinguished a character cannot but be interesting, I shall mention a circumstance relating to him, as I received it from Miss Garnons of Colomondie. In the grounds belonging to this place, at some distance from the house, was a large stone, to which Wilson, in the latter part of his life, often resorted, it being a favourite seat with this great observer of nature. During his rambles, it was frequently his custom to be attended by a Newfoundland dog; and it so happened, that one day, accompanied by his faithful companion, the aged painter slipped from the stone upon which he had been seated, and, unable to recover himself, would, in all likelihood, have perished on the spot, had

* He returned (Mr. Field, a friend of his, tells,) from Italy, impressed with his own powers, and in some contempt, not perhaps totally unmerited, of his contemporaries. His return excited some interest, and much criticism in the coteries of art, at that time; and those artists, &c. who then constituted themselves what they called a Committee of Taste, and led the understanding of the public in art, sat in judgment several times upon him, and came to a resolution, purporting—That the manner of Mr. Wilson was not suited to the English taste, and that if he hoped for patronage he must change it for the lighter style of Zucarelli. They voted also, in friendliness to Mr. W., that Mr. Penny (the academician who painted a fac-simile of the Death of Wolfe, &c.) should be deputed to communicate the resolution to Mr. W., which was done accordingly. Wilson, who was painting at the time, heard it in silence, went on with his work, but soon turned round, and very coolly, and in the most contemptuous manner, gave such an answer to Mr. Penny, as sufficiently showed the thorough indifference in which he held this self-constituted Committee of Taste.—This is no bad lesson to be conned over and remembered, for the use of the enlightened period in which we live.

not timely assistance arrived. The sagacious animal, seeing the situation of his master, ran howling to the house, and soliciting the attention of the servants with significant looks, pulling at the same time the skirts of their clothes with his teeth, directed them to the spot, and thus was the means of rescuing his helpless master from a situation of considerable danger. —

"In person, Wilson was somewhat above the middle size, of robust make, and rather corpulent, his head, at the same time, being large in proportion to the rest of his figure. During the latter years of his life, his face became red, and was covered with blotches; he had a remarkably large nose, and was much displeased if any one appeared to observe it. This, perhaps, may be attributed, in a certain degree, to his fondness for a pot of porter, to which it was his custom not unfrequently to resort, and which at all times he preferred to the more expensive beverage of wine, even though it might be placed before him. He wore a wig tied or plaited behind into a knocker or club, and a triangular cocked hat, according to the costume of the time.

"Depression and mortification, awakened by neglect, it may naturally be supposed, could not fail to operate severely upon such a mind as Wilson's, in which that sensibility so necessarily allied to a refinement of taste, must have predominated in a very high degree; and the consequence of this was, that he became negligent of himself, both in person and manners. Mr. Northcote's impression of Wilson was, as the author has been credibly informed, 'that his mind was as refined and intelligent as his person and manners were coarse and repulsive; and that discernment and familiarity with him were necessary to discover the unpolished jewel beneath its ferruginous coat.' He appears indeed to have been much respected and highly esteemed by those who were acquainted with his real nature and disposition."

It will be recollected that in one of his Odes to the Academicians, Peter Pindar, who seems to have been a warm friend and judicious admirer of the artist, says,

"Wilson's art

Will hold its empire o'er my heart,

By Britain left in poverty to pine.—

But, honest Wilson, never mind:

Immortal praises thou shalt find;

And for a dinner have no cause to fear.—

Thou start'st at my prophetic rhymes!

Don't be impatient for those times:

Wait till thou hast been dead a hundred year!"

Mr. Wright attributes the chief excellences in Wilson's style to his admiration of the works of Momper; but he seems to be insufficiently informed of the constant and laborious attention with which he studied even those minute objects of nature, that so nobly enrich his pictures.†

We can assert, from portfolios still remaining, that Wilson copied more closely from nature than almost any landscape-painter that ever existed. Branches, leaves, stones, mosses, &c. were, we may say servilely, imitated over and over again: a singular tree was taken in every point of view; and there was no individual character in foliage, &c. which he did not impress durably upon his

† Even with regard to Momper, we are inclined to think that, in reference to his style, Wilson looked rather at the broad and general manner of the artist, than at any of his detail. With the close imitations of objects, Wilson tasked himself, as an anatomist would make himself master of the bones and muscles of the frame he was afterwards to study as a whole.

memory by the most detailed repetitions. Of this his biographer does not, as we have remarked, appear to have been aware; and we find him accordingly omitting a feature so important to the history, as far as art is concerned, to get upon his own hobby, and to prove to us that "an eye for colour, and an ear for music, are distinct faculties of the mind."!! We certainly never knew before that these organs were faculties; but since so established, we hope the nose may be prominently included in the list. Indeed, when Mr. Wright gets into his philosophy, he is prodigiously absurd and entertaining.

"He does not hesitate to give it as his opinion, that no parent ought to decide upon bringing up his son to the difficult and uncertain profession of a painter, until he has in some degree satisfied himself that such appearances are to be found belonging to the cranium of the youth, as shall make it evident that he is not at least deficient in the indications of some of those powers so absolutely and indispensably necessary to the successful study of the art, and without which it is quite in vain to look for advancement therein; by which are intended to be meant, more particularly, those internal organs of the manifestations of the mind, which come under the class of knowing and reflecting faculties.

"To those who have yet to learn that there actually is something like reason and common sense in such opinions, expressions like these will only excite a smile, and that, not unlikely, one of contempt."

True enough! but he continues—

"As it is undeniable that a small brain, taken in the aggregate, is not equal to a large one in giving mental efficiency, and that a disordered brain is not so favourable to the manifestations of mind as a sound one; it is difficult to see the objection to the proposition, that a small organ is not equal in efficacy to a large one, or that torpid organs, by means of which the intellectual faculties are manifested, are not so powerful as those in a state of healthy activity."

"It is a singular fact, that while the learned resisted the important conclusion, that the brain is that part of the body on which the mind directly acts, but which is now, however, generally admitted by all anatomists and physiologists, the vulgar notions respecting the brain have always been in strict conformity with the truth. The most unlearned are in the constant habit, when speaking of a person who is stupid, of using some such phrase as, 'He has no more brains than a goose.'—Where are your brains, you numskull?—and it is no uncommon thing to hear such an expression as, 'That's a rare long-headed fellow, sure enough;' or, 'What can you expect from a poor devil with a head as round as a turnip?'"

The demonstration that "a disordered brain" is not so good as "a sound one," is excellent; but we are puzzled by the latter portion of the quotation about the goose, the numskull, and the turnip; surely these are not scientific,—or at least not more so than the nasty lines attributed to Mr. Elliot (p. 245,) are witty.

But we are willing, after all, to end our review by according to the author's expressed desire. He says—

"Having brought to a conclusion the arrangement of the various matter which it appeared to the author might tend to the furtherance of the objects proposed, he refrains from intruding longer upon the notice

of the reader, than merely to request, that in scanning the merits of this undertaking, the motives which influenced him in the attempt, rather than the want of ability too observable in the execution of it, may be held principally in view."

We do give him credit for his motives, and grant that the execution is deplorably bad.

At the end of the volume are four Appendixes, marked A, B, C, and D. The first contains some account of Momper; the second, a Catalogue of the Pictures painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds burnt at the fire at Belvoir Castle; the third, a List of Wilson's Pupils; and the fourth, a List of his principal Paintings, and the Names of their Possessors.

A portrait of Wilson, engraved by W. Bond, after the original picture by Mengs, is executed in a truly artist-like style, and accompanies the work.

ELLIS'S ORIGINAL LETTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.—(Second Volume.)

OUR present Number shall, like that of the week before last, be devoted to the illustration of the ancient manners of England, from some of those genuine and striking pictures which Mr. Ellis has resuscitated in these excellent volumes.

In the time of Queen Bess, William Fleetwood, Recorder of London, relates some very curious facts respecting the state of the metropolis, in his weekly reports to Lord Burghley. The following are proofs:—

"My singuler good Lord, uppon Thursday at even, her Majestie in her Cooche, nere Islyngton, taking of the ater, her Highnes was environed with a nosmber of Rooges. One Mr Stone a footeman cam in all hast to my Lord Maior, and after to me, and told us of the same. I dyd the same night send warrants owt into the seyed quarters and in to Westminster and the Duchie: and in the mornynge I went a brood myself, and I tooke that daye lxxliij. rooges, whereof some were blynd and yet great usurers, and very riche: and the same daye towards night I sent for Mr Hafrys and Mr Smithie and the governors of Bridwell, and tooke all the names of the rooges; and sent theym frome the Sessions Hall unto Bridwell where they remayned that night. Uppon Twelff daye in the forenoone, the Master of the Rolls, my self, and others receyved a charge before my Lords of the Counsell as towching rooges and masterles men, and to have a pryvie searche. The same daye at after dyner (for I dynded at the Rolls) I mett the governors of Bridwell, and so that after nowne we examined all the seyed rooges and gave theym substanciall payment. And the strongest we bestowed in the mylne and the lighters. The rest wee desmyssed with a promise of a dooble paye if we mett with theym agayne. Uppon Sounday being crastino of the Twelfth daye, I dynded with Mr Deane of Westminster, where I conferred with hym towching Westminster and the Duchie, and then I tooke order for Southwarke, Lambeth, and Newyngton, from whence I receyved a shooll of xl. roogges, men and women, and above. I bestowed them in Bridwell. I dyd the same after nowne peruse Pooles*, where I tooke about xxⁱ cloked rooges that there use to kepe standing. I placed theym also in Bridwell. The next mornynge, being Munday, the Mr of the Roolls and the rest tooke order with the Constables for a pryvie searche ageynst Thursdaye at night, and to have the offenders

* St. Paul's.

brought to the Sessions Hall uppon Frydaye in the mornynge where wee the Justices shold mete. And agaynst the same tyme my Lo. Maior and I dyd the lyke in London and Southworke. The same afternowne the Masters of Bridwell and I mett, and, after every mnn being examined, eche one receyved his payment according to his deserts; at whiche tyme the strongest were put to worke and the other dismissed into their Countries. The same daye the Mr of the Savoye was with us and sayd he was sworne to lodge 'claudicantes, egrotantes, et peregrinantes;' and the next mornynge I sent the Constables of the Duchie to the Hospitall and they brought unto me at Bridwell vj. tall fellows that were draymen unto bruers and were neither 'claudicantes, egrotantes, nor peregrinantes.' The Constables if they might have had theyre owen wills wold have browght as many moo. The Master dyd wryte a very curtese letter unto us to produce theym; and although he wrott charitably unto us, yet were they all soundly payed, and sent home to thare masters. All Tewsday, Weddensdaye, and Thursdaye there cam in nosmbers of rooges; and they were rewarded all according to their deserts. Uppon Frydaye mornynge, at the Justice Hall, there were browght in above a C. lewed people taken in the pryvie searche. The Mr of Bridwell receyved theym, and immediately gave theym punishment.—This Satterday, after Causes of Consciens herd by my Lord Maior and me, I dined, and went to Polls and in other places as well within the libertes as els where, and I founde not one rooge stirryng. Emongest all these thyngs I dyd note, that we had not of London, Westm. nor Southwarke, nor yet Midd. nor Surr. above twelve, and those we have taken order for. The resedew for the most were of Wales, Salop, Cestr. Somerset, Barks, Oxforde, and Essex; and that fewe or none of thaym had ben about London above iij. or iiij. monthes. I dyd note also that we mett not agayne wth any in all our searches that had receyved punishment. The chieff nurserie of all these evell people is the Savoye, and the brick kilnes nere Islyngton. As for the brick kyles, we will take suche order that they shall be reformed. And I trust by yo^r good Lordship's help the Savoye shall be amended; for suerlie, as by experiences I fynd it, the same place, as it is used, is not converted to a good use or purpose. And this shall suffice for Rooges.

"Uppon Weddensdaye last a Frenche merchaunt, in a bagge sealed, delivered to a cariers wiff of Norwich xli^l to be caried to Norwich. She secretlie conveyed the money to a howse a good way off frome the lunc, and within half a quarter of an houre the Frenche merchaunt cam agayne to se his money packed up. But the woman denyed that ever she received any one penny with such horrible protestacions as I never herd of before. Mr Secretarie Walsingham wrote me his Letters for the ayde of the Frenche man, and after great searche made, the money was founde and restored. She not knowing of the same, I examined her in my studie privatlie, but by no meanes she wold not confesse the same, but dyd bequeeth her self to the Devell, both bodie and sowle, if she had the money or ever sawe it. And this was her craft that she then had not the money, and in dead she sayd the trowth, for it was eyther at her frynds where she left it, or els delyvered. And then I perceiving her fewke, I asked her whether the Frenche merchant

dyd not bring her a bagge sealed full of mettall that was weightie, were it either platts, coynes, cownters, or suche lyke: then, quoth she, I will answer no further. And then I used my Lo. Maiors advise, and bestowed her in Bridwell, where the Masters and I sawe her punished; and, being well whipped, she sayd that the Devell stood at her elbowe in my studie, and willed her to denye it. But so soon as she was upon the Crosse to be punished he gave her over. And thus my singuler good Lo. I end this tragicall part of this wicked woman."

From another letter—

"Mr. Nowell of the Court haith lately been here in London. He caused his man to geve a blowe unto a carman. His man haith stricken the carman with the pumell of his sword and therwith haith broken his skelle and killed hym. Mr. Nowell and his man are lyke to be indicted; whereof I am sure to be muche troubled, what with lettres and his frynds, and what by other meanes as in the verie like case heretofore I have hyn even with the same man. Here are sundrie yonge gentilmens that use the Court that most commonly terme themselves *gyntylmen*. When any of these have done any thinge amisse and are compleyned of, or arrested for debt, they then runne unto me, and no other excuse or answer can they make but saye 'I am a *Jyntylman*, and being a *Jyntylman* I am not thus to be used at a slave and a colons handes.' I know not what other parlee Mr. Nowell can pled; but this I say, the fact is fowle. God send hym good deliverans. I thinke in my conscience that he makethe no reckenyng of the matter."

["The subject of cutpurses, rogues, and masterless men, with the language they assumed in imitation of the Gypsies, was one of no slight interest in the reign of Queen Elizabeth."

"The writer of the Description of England prefixed to the second edition of Hollsheds's Chronicle, describes no fewer than twenty-three sorts, in men and women, of this ungracious rabble. He says, 'The several disorders and degrees amongst our idle vagabonds,' are, '1. Rufflers; 2. Uprightmen; 3. Hookers, or Anglers; 4. Roges; 5. Wild Roges; 6. Priggers, or Prausers; 7. Palliards; 8. Fraters; 9. Abrams; 10. Freshwater mariners, or Whip-jacks; 11. Dummerers; 12. Drunken tinkers; 13. Swadders, or Pedlars; 14. Jarkemen, or Patricoes. Of women kind; 1. Demanders for glimmer or fire; 2. Bandie Baskets; 3. Mortes; 4. Autem Mortes; 5. Walking Mortes; 6. Dokes; 7. Delles; 8. Kinching Mortes; 9. Kinching Coxes.'

"These several personages, together with the nice differences of their respective callings, are explained in a tract entitled 'The Groundworke of Conny-Catching,' a thin quarto, printed at London without date, but apparently written about the year 1566. The reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First, indeed, abound in publications of a similar description; coarse in their language and scenes, but singularly illustrative of popular manners."

Another letter, similar to the preceding, throws farther light on such matters:

"Right honorable and my verie good Lord, upon Thursday laste beinge the crastinn of Trinitie Terme, we kepte a Sessions of Inquyrie in London in the forenone, and in the afternone we kepte the lyke att Fynsburie for Middlesex, in which two severall Sessions

all such as were to be arrayegned for felonye at the Gaole deliverye were indyted. Upon Frydaie last we sate at the Justice hall att Newgate from vij in the morninge until vij att night, where were condemned certen horstealers, cutpurses, and such lyke, to the nusmber of x., whereof ix. were executed, and the tenth stayed by a meanes from the Courte. These were executed upon Saterdaye in the morninge. There was a Show-maker also condemned for wyllfull murder commytted in the Blacke fryers, who was executed upon Mondaye in the morninge. The same daye my Lord Maior beinge absent abowte the goods of the Spannyards, and also all my Lords the Justices of the Benches beinge also awaye, we fewe that were there did spend the same daie abowte the searchinge out of sundrye that were receptors of felons, where we fownd a greate manye as well in London, Westminster, Southwarke, as in all other places abowte the same. Amongest our travells this one matter tumbled owte by the waye, that one Wotton a gentilman borne, and sometye a marchant man of good credyte, who fallinge by tyme into decaye, kepte an Alehowse att Smarts keye neere Byllingsgate, and after, for some mysdemeanor beinge put downe, he reared upp a newe trade of lyffe, and in the same Howse he procured all the Cutpurses abowt this Cittie to repaire to his said howse. There, was a schole howse sett upp to learne yonge boyes to cutt purses. There were hung upp two devises, the one was a pockett, the other was a purse. The pockett had in yt certen cownters and was hunge abowte with hawkes bells, and over the toppe did hanng a litle sacring bell; and he that could take owte a cownter without any noyse, was allowed to be a *publique ffoyster*: and he that could take a peece of sylver owte of the purse without the noyse of any of the bells, he was adjudged a *judiciall Nypper*. Nota that a ffoister is a Pick-pockett, and a Nypper is termed a Pickepurse, or a Cutpurse. And as concerninge this matter, I will sett downe noe more in this place, but referre your Lordship to the paper herein enclosed."

"Saterdaye and Sondaie beinge past, upon Mondaye my Lord Maior, my Lord Buckhurst, the M^r of the Rooles, my Lord Anderson, M^r Sackford Master of the Requests, S^r Rowland Hayward, my selfe, M^r Owen, and M^r Younge, with the assystance of M^r Attorney and M^r Solicitor, did arraigne one Awfeild, Webley, and Crabbe, for sparringe abroad certen lewed, sedicious, and traytorous booke; Awfeild did most trayterously maynteyne the booke, with longe tedious and frivolous wordes and speeches. Webley did affirme as much as Awfeild had uttered. They are both executed thorough Gods goodnes and yo^r Lordships good helpe, as M^r Younge told me. There came a Letter to reprove Awfeild, yt was not well digested of as many as knewe of yt, but after all was well taken. When he was executed, his bodye was brought into S^t Pulchers to be buryed, but the parishioners would not suffer a Traytor's corpes to be layed in the earthe where theire parents, wyeffs, chyl dren, kynred, maisters, and old neighbors did rest: and so his carcase was returned to the buryall gronde neere Tyborne, and there I leave yt. Crabbe surelye did renounece the Pope, and my Lords and the rest of the Benche moved M^r Attorney and M^r Solicitor to be a meane to her Majestie for him, and for that cause he was

stayed. Trewelye my Lord it is nothinge needfull to wrytte for the staye of any to be reprieved, for there is not any in our Commission of London or Middlesex but we are desirous to save or staye any poore wretch, yf by color of any lawe or reason we maye doe ytt. My singler good Lord my Lord William of Wynchester was wonte to saye, 'when the Courte is furthest from London, then is there the best justice done in all England.' I once hard as great a parsonage in office and authoritie as ever He was, and yett lyvinge, saye the same wordes. Yt is growen for a trade nowe in the Courte to make meanes for repryves, twentie pownd for a reprieve is nothinge, although it be but for bare tenn daies. I see it will not be holpen onles one honored gentilman, who many tymes is abused by wronge informacion (and suerlie upon my sowle, not upon any evill meaninge) do staye his penn. I have not one Letter for the staye of a theiffe from your Lordshippe. Fearinge that I trouble your Lordship with my tedious Lettres I end, this vijth of Iuly 1585.

"Your good Lordships moste humbly

bownden

"W. FLETEWODE."

A list of the "Harboringe Howses" is elsewhere given; and upon one of them there is a singular note for the Lord Treasurer's edification, in the cant or slang language of the day:

"Memorand. That in Wotton's howse at Smarts Keye are wrytten in a table divers Poysies, and among the rest one is this

"*Si spie sporte, si non spie, tunc steale.*

Another is thus

"*Si spie, si non spie, ffoyste, nypppe, lyfte, shace and spare not.*

"Note that *ffoyste* is to cutt a pockett, *nypppe* is to cutt a purse, *lyfte* is to robbe a shoppe or a gentilmans chamber, *shace* is to flyche a clooke, a sword, a sylver spoune or such like, that is negligentie looked unto. Nota, that *nylken ken* is to comytt a roborie or burglarie in the night in a dwelling howse, &c."

We shall make but one addition:

"[The Apprentices of London in early times were considered a formidable body. Our chronicles represent them as being either the authors or abettors of almost all the slighter Insurrections of the Metropolis.

"For an account of Evil May Day mentioned in this letter, an Insurrection of the Apprentices of a more serious description, the reader is referred to the old editions of Hall's Chronicle, fol. 61. 9th Hen. viii. Grafton, fol. 1021. and Stow's Annals, under the year 1517.]

"Right Honorable and my singuler good Lord, this present daye from two of the clocke until syx, my Lo. Maior, with some of his bretherne th'Aldermen and myselfe, dyd examyne certene Apprentices for conspiringe an insurrection in this Cittie agaynst the Freneche and Dutche, but specialle against the Freneche; a thinge as lyke unto yll Maye daie as could be devysed in all manner of circumstances, *mutatis mutandis*, their wanted nothinge but execution. We have taken fyve, all of an age, yett all under xxjth fower of them Darbishier borne; the fyrsyte borne in Northamshier. We are searchinge and seekinge for the principall Captayne; we hope we shall heare of him this night, for he hath ben workinge all this daie in the Whyt hall at Westminster, and at his cominge home we trust to have him. We have this night sett a

standinge watche armed, from nyne until seven in the morninge, and doe meane to contynewe the same soe longe as yt shalbe thought convenient unto your honor and the resydwewe of my Lordis.

"Mr Alderman Woodcocke, who maryed the wydowe of Mr Lanyson, shalbe buried upon Moundaye next. Sr Rowland Hayward is extream sick and greatlie distressed (our Lord comfort him.) My Ladie his wiefie is likewise verie sicke.

"This night Mr Attorney Generall sent his man unto me to sett my hand and seale unto a warrant to summon a Quest of enquire to appeare to morowe att Westminster Hall, The Citizens, when they shall heare of yt, will lyke thereof verie well, for they all crye out that justice maye be done upon these Treators. The foresaid Apprentices, being of the Myserie of Plasterers, are commytted unto Newgate upon the Quenes Highnes and her Councells commandement, where they are lyke to remayne untill they be delivered by speciall warrant.

"Here is presentlie noe other thinge worthe of writinge. Wherefore I beseech God to preserve first her Ma^{ty}, and then yo^r Lordship, from all these Treators and such other wicked people. From the Gwyld hall this present Twesdaie the sixt of September at seven of the clocke in the eveninge 1586.—

Yo^r Lo : most humble bownden,

W. FLEETWOODE.

"Att the sendinge away of my man this Weddensday mornynge all the bells of London do ring for ioye, that, upon the 7 of this monethe, beinge as this daie, A^o 25 H. 8. her Grace was borne. There wilbe this daie but specially great feastinge at supper. I have ben bidden owt this night to supper in vi. or vii. places.

"To the Right Honorable and my singular good Lo. the Lo. Treasurer of England, at the Courte."

These, good readers, were the golden days of good Queen Bess,—the times to which our unhappy epocha is referred for precedents !!!

HODGSON'S LETTERS ON NORTH AMERICA.

THE second volume of this publication offers so little for extract which could either benefit our readers or exemplify the work, that we shall merely take from it some brief passages, in which the author gives his opinion of the American character: but previous to doing so, we will cite a characteristic sketch, which is the more interesting at this period, as, according to the latest intelligence, its subject has just been elected President of the United States. It is quoted by Mr. Hodgson from an American pamphlet.

"Mr. J. Q. Adams, the present Secretary of State, is the son of the second President of the United States, and a man of great talent, information, and industry.—Mr. Adams has distinguished himself in the paths of literature and politics. The early part of his life seems to have been devoted to the acquisition of general knowledge, which has been subsequently augmented by travel, observation, and reflection. He was once attached to the party by whom his father was chosen President, but very soon after the republican administration came into power, he was induced to change his opinions, and to abandon what might have been the prejudices of education, for principles which, I have no doubt, he conceived to be more consonant to his feelings, and more consistent with his ideas of liberty and independence. Whatever may be

said as to the motive which produced the change, I have no hesitation in thinking it originated entirely from principle, and that his feelings and sentiments were more in harmony and unison with the party he joined, than the one he had forsaken. The conduct he has since pursued has evinced the integrity of his motives, and the sincerity of his attachment to his party and his country; and the confidence which that country has reposed in him, is an evidence that she also has been influenced by a similar opinion.

"Mr. Adams is in person short, thick, and fat, resembling a little, in his face, the portrait of his father, which you have seen; and neither very agreeable nor very repulsive. He is between forty-five and fifty years of age, and seems to be vigorous and healthy. He is regular in his habits, and moral and temperate in his life. To great talent, he unites unceasing industry and perseverance, and an uncommon facility in the execution of business. Though he has read much, and drank 'deep of the Pierian spring,' he seems not to solicit the character which literature bestows, and what will seem extraordinary to you, chooses rather to be ranked among men of business than among men of science.

"Mr. Adams is extremely plain and simple, both in his manners and habiliments; and labours to avoid alike the foolery and splendour of 'fantastic fashion,' and the mean and inelegant costume of affected eccentricity. He is evidently well skilled in the rhetorical art on which he has lectured, and in which he displays considerable research and ability; but whether he succeeded in reducing his principles to practice, while a member of the Senate, I am not able to say. I should infer, however, that his speeches were more correct and polished, if they were not more eloquent, than those of his coadjutors in legislation.—From what I can learn, Mr. Adams, with all his knowledge and talent, did not attain the first rank among American orators. He wanted enthusiasm and fire; he wanted that nameless charm which, in oratory as well as poetry, delights and fascinates, and leads the soul captive, without the desire of resistance, or the consciousness of error.

"In the higher grades of eloquence, where the passions are excited and acted on, and the whole mind wrought up to a kind of frenzy by weakening the dominion of reason, Mr. Adams did not excel; but in close argumentation, in logical analysis, in amplification and regular disposition, he is said to have been inferior to none. With great knowledge of art, he was, however, defective in the *ars celare artem*, an essential ingredient in the composition of an orator. His personal appearance too, which is not very prepossessing or agreeable, must have operated against him, and rendered his eloquence less effective and resistless. Notwithstanding these defects, he was considerably above mediocrity, and maintained a character as an orator, inferior to but few in this country.

"Mr. Adams's prominent inclination, however, appears to be political. To be eminent as a statesman is his predominant ambition; and I doubt not he will attain this character from the nature of his mind and the tenor of his studies.

"To extensive research and general knowledge, Mr. A. adds great powers of observation. His residence as minister at the courts of St. James and St. Petersburg, has enlarged his stock of facts, and rendered his information more correct and practical. He

is not one of those statesmen who theorise when experience can afford its aid, and avoids the application of abstract principles, when plainer and more obvious ones are calculated to subserve the object in view. He is sedate, circumspect, and cautious; reserved, but not distant; grave, but not repulsive. He receives, but seldom communicates, and discerns with great quickness, motives however latent, and intentions however concealed by the contortions of cunning, or the drapery of hypocrisy. Mr. Adams has more capacity than genius; he can comprehend better than he can invent; and execute nearly as rapidly as he can design.

"Though as a public minister, he had no great opportunity to display his powers, yet from the little he exhibited, a judgment may be formed of his ability in that character. He has all the penetration, shrewdness, and perseverance, necessary to constitute an able diplomatist, united with the capacity to perceive, and the eloquence to enforce, what would conduce to the welfare and interest of his country."

Among his more miscellaneous matter, the author mentions having seen at one place, in the South, a rattlesnake seven feet long, with twenty rattles; and elsewhere notices the following fact in Natural History:

"Soon after, we saw a curious rencontre between a snake and a large toad. They were in the middle of the path, and the snake had entwined itself round the toad so as almost to cut it in two. The toad lay looking at us most piteously; and on my giving the snake two severe cuts with my whip, it glided off, when its victim, which I did not imagine could survive this embrace, crawled away with unusual alertness, apparently congratulating itself on its narrow escape."

It is a pity the author is not more explicit relative to the plant which he mentions as a specific for the bite of the rattle-snake. He only speaks of the fact (which we do not know how far to credit) that such a plant exists.

"We looked cautiously around us, lest we should be surprised by wild beasts; and Mr. Kingsbury stopped to point out to me a plant, which, if swallowed immediately after the attack of a rattlesnake, proves an effectual antidote."

Perhaps an Indian cure for cholera in a horse is better authenticated.

"Our horses (says Mr. H.) had been very fresh; but as soon as I dismounted, mine was taken so ill with the cholera, that for two hours I thought he would have died, and left us with a journey of 1100 miles before us. He was restored, however, to our great delight, by rather curious treatment. The Indians first opened a vein in his mouth, and made him swallow a considerable quantity of his own blood, and then forced down his throat about a quart of a mixture of soot and whiskey—walking him about for two or three hours."

Of the impression made upon the author throughout his long journey, the following may suffice to record the nature:

"In the course of my route, I have met with only one instance of personal rudeness, and that too slight to be mentioned, except for the sake of literal accuracy. My servant's impressions correspond with mine. On questioning him, at the termination of our route, he said, 'he thought the Americans quite as ready to serve us and one another as the English; and that they were continually expressing their surprise to find Englishmen so

civil. Now, our civility was nothing more than would naturally be suggested by a collection of the institutions of the country through which we were travelling, and a general desire to be pleased with friendly intentions; however manifested. The coldness of manner of the Americans, however, is a great defect, and must prejudice travellers till they understand it a little.

"With regard to the vanity which is charged upon them: this foible is admitted by all their sensible men, who are disgusted with the extravagant pretensions maintained, in inflated language, in their public prints; I have heard some of them jocosely say, that they expect their countrymen will soon begin to assert that they are not only the most powerful and the most learned, but the oldest nation in the world.

"In good society, however, I have seldom witnessed this vanity in any remarkable degree, and I really think I have seen more of it in the Americans I have met with in England, than in the whole range of my observation, since I landed in this country. When I have made the concessions, to which I thought the Americans fairly entitled, I have not often observed a disposition to push their claims too far; but, on the contrary, a readiness to suggest some point of comparison in which Great Britain has obviously the advantage. And, without attempting to defend an acknowledged defect in their character, I must confess the Americans have some excuse for their vanity.

"As for the inquisitiveness of the Americans, I do not think it has been at all exaggerated. --

"The next American habit on which I will remark, which always offended me extremely, is the almost universal one of *spitting*, without regard to time, place, or circumstances. You must excuse my alluding to such a topic; but I could not in candour omit it, since it is the most offensive peculiarity in American manners. Many, who are really gentlemen in other respects, offend in this; and I regretted to observe the practice even in the diplomatic parties at Washington. Indeed, in the capital itself, the dignity of the Senate is let down by this annoying habit. I was there the first session after it was rebuilt, and as the magnificent and beautiful halls had been provided with splendid carpets, some of the senators appeared at first a little daunted; but after looking about in distress, and disposing of their diluted tobacco at first with timidity, and by stealth, they gathered by degrees the courage common to corporate bodies; and before I left Washington had relieved themselves pretty well from the dazzling brightness of the brilliant colours under their feet! It was mortifying to me, to observe all this in an assembly, whose proceedings are conducted with so much order and propriety, and in chambers so truly beautiful as the Senate and House of Representatives -- the latter the most beautiful hall I ever saw.

"Another thing which has displeased me, is the *profusion and waste usually exhibited at meals*. Except in the very best society, the plate is often loaded with a variety of viands, and is dismissed half emptied. --

"I have seen nothing to lead me to suppose, that the influence of such a pursuit on individual character is at all more ennobling or elevating on the western than on the eastern shores of the Atlantic, or to convince me that public spirit and patriotism are the natural and necessary results of republican institutions.

"But, independently of the injurious moral effects of an insatiable appetite for popularity in the individual, a constant reference to popular favour imposes very inconvenient trammels on the representative, in the discharge of his legislative duties. He is too apt to consider himself as addressing his constituents, rather than the legislative assembly; and to think less of the effect his speech is likely to produce in favour of his argument, in the capitol, than in favour of himself at home. As an incentive to activity, this may have a good effect; but the efforts to which it prompts, especially in the way of oratorical flourishes, do not always produce advantages to the public, commensurate with the care and trouble, 'the anxious days and sleepless nights,' they may have cost the individual. I was informed, that it is common for the new members, to make great exertion soon after the meeting of Congress, to send home a speech to their constituents, in the National Intelligencer; and then, if they find that the genius of eloquence has not favoured them, they perhaps remain silent during the rest of the session. But this is hardly safe; for a silent representative is seldom a popular one. A friend informed me, that in passing through Pennsylvania, a Pennsylvanian, speaking to him of a member of Congress, said, 'He won't get in again, I guess; for we never see so much speech of his in the papers, and we can't have a man that says nothing for his pay.'

And finally--

"I do not know how far my opinions may be influenced by prejudice, but I confess I have not yet learned to prefer the republican institutions of America to the British Constitution; nor do I believe that the mass of the community in America enjoy practically a greater security of person or property than in Great Britain."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*A Compendium of the History of Ireland, from the earliest period to the Reign of Geo. I.** The author of this history is Editor of *The Irishman*, Belfast Newspaper; and has made himself known as a speaker at Reform and other public meetings, both in Ireland and this country. His opinions are of the violent order; and we fear that he has shown too much of the partizan to be depended upon as the historian. Those who happen to differ from him have been "rendered callous by corruption;" and unless one is inclined to go nearly all, if not all the lengths of a Whiteboy, and indulge in feelings of the most intolerant character, this Compendium pronounces such to be blind, illiberal, and lovers of tyranny. The author indeed reminds us, by converse, of King Charles, who, in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, A.D. 1626, says, "As for Newes I can say but littell yet, Yrland being the onlie Egg we have yet sitten upon, and having a thicke shell wee have not yet hatched it." In hatching his history he seems to have broken the shell all to pieces, and to have been unable to preserve any of the meat in an uncontaminated state. Reviling the English is his invariable resource; and he forgets the customs and feelings of the times in doing so--for he tries the manners of the rudest ages by the standard of modern civilization, and claims the same courtesies of war from the period of the fiercest Barons which could be required from the campaigns of a Wellington in the 19th

* By John Lawless, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Elphinstone Wilson.

century. Upon the whole, the Compendium is any thing but candid, unprejudiced, and just. Even the author's plea of warmth in his country's love is insufficient to excuse his partial and exaggerated statements.

Caroline and Zelite, or Transatlantic Tales; taken from real Life. By Anna White Smith. These Tales bear the stamp of truth, which, if it add to their interest in one way, prevents their possessing that highly wrought effect which fiction would have built on such materials. Love affairs shifting objects with rapidity of change, accouchements, the desertion of wives, duels, and a medley intercourse of gentlemen and ladies, who invariably prefer errant affections to their ties and duties; and, finally, the deaths of almost all the dramatic personae, are the elements which have recommended these stories to their author.

Self-Advancement. By the Author of "Practical Wisdom."--This little volume meets with our entire approval; the subjects for the biographical sketches are as well chosen as the sketches are well written. Many, besides the young people to whom it is expressly addressed, may read it both with pleasure and advantage.

Oriental Wanderings, by T. E., is a genuine romance of the bye-gone, though once popular school. The scene is laid under a certain Caliph of Egypt; and there are rebellions, murders, escapes, "half looks full of meaning," "looks of unutterable fury," "looking a thousand questions," a man "looking himself well over," &c. &c. and many other kinds of looks, such as are only found in such romances, all described in grandiloquent language, worthy of the name of trash, if that word were not exploded from the canons of criticism. There is also poetry--

Darksome clouds, as day, shall light me--
Fainting stars propitious shine;
Terror hence! nor longer fright me--
and so forth.

South Sea Islands--A new portion of the *World in Miniature*, which publication Mr. Ackermann is carrying on with great industry and spirit. Mr. Shoberl, the Editor, bestows upon it so much of his skill and intelligence, that, instead of a juvenile library, the work will really be worthy of readers of all ages, though adapted with peculiar talent for the instruction and entertainment of the young. Recent navigators have been laid under contribution to enrich the present volumes; and we observe some interesting new matter, both in their contents and ornaments. At this time, too, when the Sandwiches have attracted so much notice, the account of them is extremely apropos to gratify popular curiosity.

4 12mo. pp. 150. London, C. F. Cook.

4 12mo. G. & W. B. Whittaker; Simpson & Co.; Hatchard & Co.

4 3 vols. A. Newman.

4 2 vols. 18mo. Ackermann.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

POPE'S NOTES.

THIS letter from Dr. Young I found near the end of the Third Book of the *Odyssey*. Whether it may be considered as evidence of his having sometimes received assistance from the muse of Pope, I will not attempt to decide; but I cannot deny that this opinion entered my head immediately upon reading it. It has been printed before, but so incorrectly as to render a new copy perfectly desirable.

"To Mr. Pope, at Twi Tnam.

"May 2.

"Dear Sir,—Having been often from home, I know not if you have done me y^e favour of calls on me; but be y^e as it will, I much want y^e instance of y^e F^d ship. I mentioned in my last a Friendship I'm very sensible I can receive from no one but y^e self. I should not urge this thing so much but for very part'lar reasons: nor can you be at a loss to conceive how a *Trifle of that Nature* may be of serious moment to me, and while I am in hope of y^e great Advantage of y^e advice ab^t it, I shall not be so absurd as to make any farther step without it. I know you are much engaged, & only hope to hear of you at y^e entire leisure.—I am, Sir, your most faithful & obedient S^t

E. YOUNG."

I had the greatest trouble in deciphering the following; for Pope has so carefully scratched it in all parts, that at first I passed it over, without even thinking of the attempt I afterwards made so successfully. This and the preceding were written in 1721.

"Dear Mother,—I hope you continue, as I do, pretty well. To-morrow, I believe, we conclude the trial, but 'twill be late first. On Thursday, at soonest, if not Friday, I hope to see you. If any body comes with me, y^e shall be informed. I have not been able to see L^d Hanley. All here are y^e servants, particularly Mr. Fortescue, who is at supper with me. It is late, and the Post stays [] I can only add, that I am your most affectionate dutiful Son,

A. POPE."

"Tuesday.

I rather think (for I have now no time to search authorities,) the trial alluded to was that in which Curll was brought before the House of Lords, for surreptitiously printing Pope's Letters. Atterbury's trial did not happen till two years after the date of this letter (May 14, 1724.)

Pulteney, Earl of Bath, is so well known, that I need only produce his letters, any observations on him being unnecessary.

"Dear Sir,—I cannot call upon you as I promised, in my way to Ashley, my Lord Berkeley having sent to me to come to Cranford to him upon some business; after a day or two stay there I shall go to Carsham, & then return to Ashley ab^t the 25th, when I shall be extremely obliged to you if you will let me have the honour of your company for a week. I will send my coach for you, or come and fetch you myself.—I am, S^r, your most obedient humble Servant,

"Arlington Street,
Aug. 13, 1724.

WM. PULTENEY."

"Ashley, Sept. 4th, 1724.

"Sir,—I have ever since my return had my house full of such company as I very little expected, & you would very little have liked; which was the reason I did not send to you sooner. But at present, if you have nothing better to do, & will spend a few days with Mrs. Pulteney & me, we shall be obliged to you, and will send the coach for you when you please.—I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,

WM. PULTENEY."

The last which I shall present is written by Charles Ford, who has come down to us with no greater recommendation than being the friend of Swift and of Pope. I have often thought how easily the desired object of having a name handed down to posterity may be obtained by the rich; they have only to show the Poets and Wits of the day a little well-timed attention, or exchange a few letters with them, and their passport to fame is signed

irrevocably. He who produced these observations appears, from his letters to Swift, to have possessed talents which would have given him a higher claim to remembrance, had he exerted them.

The letter is franked by 'William Barker,' and the post-mark is ²²MA. The year, I think, must have been 1724.

"Saturday.

"Dear Sir,—I sent yesterday to Mr. Lewis, who accepts of your kind invitation on Monday; & I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you, & assuring you how much I am, dear Sir, your most obedient faithful Servant,

CHAS. FORD.

"I beg my humble respects to Mrs. Pope, & pardon for the haste in which I am obliged to write."

Before I withdraw myself from the public as an annotator on Pope, I take this opportunity to notice his Prologue, written for the benefit of Dennis, not only because it is the production which is most honourable to the moral character of him who wrote it, but also because it has hitherto, I believe, been unnoticed by all of his critics and biographers. It speaks not very highly for their candour or their discrimination, that they have omitted duly to applaud one of the noblest instances of forbearance and forgiveness which has ever graced the annals of literature.

I doubt not but in these letters some errors, arising from the hasty manner in which they were written, may be found; these I must trespass on the kindness of the reader to excuse: and should the criticisms they contain appear unjust or injudicious, I can make no other apology for them, than that they are the sincere convictions of my own understanding, and proceed from no voluntary misrepresentation.

A Visit to the Coast of Caramania, in Asia Minor; by M. L. Casas; French Fleet-Comat at Rhodes. From a Letter addressed to the Geographical Society at Paris.

THE object of the little excursion, of which I send you an account, was to visit a part of Asia which is much neglected by travellers. The little boat in which I left Rhodes was manned by three sailors; and we passed, during the night, pretty close to the Turkish fleet: it was fortunate for us that we were not perceived, for in the dark they might have taken our bark for a fire-ship, and have sent us to the bottom. Near the Asiatic coast, we were visited by the boats of a Greek cruiser; on which occasion I successfully availed myself of my official character as French Consul. The first place that I visited, after we had landed, was the old town of Patara, near Cape Chimera, on the other side of the river Xanthus; and celebrated for a Temple of Apollo, which is spoken of by historians and poets as one of the finest monuments of Greece and Asia. The ruins of Patara are extensive; but the only edifice in any state of preservation is the Theatre, which was built by the Emperor Adrian, as appears from an inscription on the outside. I am inclined to ascribe to the same age the other buildings, in the ruins of which there is a superfluity of ornament, rather than fine workmanship. I stopped four hours at Patara, on a very hot day, amidst ruins of temples and tombs, and then went to the Island of Castello-Riso, the ancient name of which is unknown. Its bare rocky soil would hardly afford pasture for a goat; but among the

terraced walls, which support the little vegetable mould to be found on it, grow some dozens of fig and olive trees. The marriage portion of a bride in Castello-Riso consists in an assignment of the half or the quarter of the produce of a fig-tree. On this island I made a drawing of an ancient sepulchre, hewn in the rock, under a picturesquely situated ruined castle; and drank excellent Cyprus wine at the table of the Aga, who is an honest Mussulman, but no great genius, any more than myself.

Six miles from Castello-Riso, I visited, on the continent, the ruins of Antiphile, which must have been a considerable town, if we may judge by the number of tombs near it: there are certainly two hundred, all resembling each other, with the exception of a single one, which was much more richly ornamented, and of which I took a drawing. Other remains of the city are unimportant, and are chiefly of the middle ages, except a small theatre in the Greek style, which is in tolerable preservation. Fifteen miles from Antiphile is the magnificent harbour of Cavova, which is capable of receiving all the fleets of Europe, and certainly affording one of the finest anchoring places, though a merchant vessel was lately lost in it by the fault of the crew.

Earthquakes have caused the sea to rise considerably in this harbour: a part of the old town is now under water; and a tomb, in admirable preservation, rises above the surface of the sea at some distance from the shore. A Turkish fort, built on a steep rock, commands these extensive ruins of various ages, among which we may distinguish heathen temples and Christian churches, shaded by myrtle groves, tombs, and forsaken habitations of later times. I found here ample materials for picturesque drawings. Eight miles farther, about a league and a half from the coast, are the ruins of Myra. On the road, which leads through thick groves of myrtle and oleander, are ruins of tombs and buildings of the time of the Romans, and of the middle ages, which are ascribed to the Genosae, as are all ancient forts in the Levant, not built by the Turks. In Myra itself we found again remains of different ages mixed together, some hidden among aquatic plants, on a marsh of sweet water, which formerly, perhaps, was part of the harbour. St. Nicholas lived at Myra: a church and convent, dedicated to him, stand on the plain among the wooden huts of the Caramites, who are now the only inhabitants of this desolate tract. At the foot of a hill, upon which a fort is erected, I admired ruins of a large Theatre, built with Roman magnificence, in the details of which, however, we miss the pure Grecian taste, which I sought in vain among the numerous monuments of this coast. The Theatre is built against a perpendicular wall of rock, in which sepulchral grottoes are hewn.

I returned from Myra to Carcova, to examine more accurately what I had but cursorily glanced at the day before. But two vessels had mean time arrived, with Albanese crews, whose insolent and menacing conduct made it not advisable to remain. I returned to Rhodes much pleased with my four days' excursion, which had not been a little fatiguing. The Bey of Rhodes had given me a letter of recommendation, which every where obtained me a good reception. I found the Caramites who follow agriculture, very different from those who are seen in the armies against the Greeks; they were hospitable,

and I twice supped with a dozen of them, in a romantic valley, by moonlight. We sat round a large bowl of sour milk, into which every one dipped his piece of a black thin cake, baked in the ashes; minced venison roasted in vine leaves, milk, and excellent pillow, were also set before us. They did not fail to ask my advice about various diseases, and I might have had plenty to do, if I had been able to give them any advice. I cannot boast of having been equally well received by the fair sex; for at Myra, while I was examining the ruins of the Theatre, a dozen women fell upon me, who screamed like furies, and threatened me, I know not for what reason, and compelled me to retreat. In the city of Rhodes all is tranquil, since the departure of the Egyptian fleet, the crews of which committed many excesses during their stay. We have escaped the plague as by a miracle, for it is certain that when the fleet sailed for Alexandria, several persons labouring under the disorder were on board.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MEDICAL REPORT.

— "All the world without,
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon."

Thomson.

THE tropical weather of the last month, in which the thermometer, occasionally, stood at 90° in the shade, could not pass without being seriously felt by the human constitution. The effect, in the metropolis and its vicinity, has been the appearance of *Bilious Cholera* as an epidemic. It is true that this disease must not, altogether, be attributed to the late extraordinary heat of the weather, for it is one of our usual autumnal diseases; and, as was justly remarked by a great luminary of the Medical Art,* in the seventeenth century, shows itself at the close of summer, almost as certainly as swallows in the spring, or cuckoos about the dog-days. It seldom, however, has appeared as an epidemic in this country; but, if we share the weather of our equinoctial brethren, we must expect to participate in their miseries.

The previous cold and damp character of the summer had brought the body into such a state, as rendered it very susceptible of a much less augmentation of temperature than it was exposed to; the first impression of which was to stimulate the liver to excessive action; and, consequently, to form a superabundance of bile, not of the most healthy quality, from the hurried manner in which it was secreted. The effect of such acrid bile, poured from the gall ducts, is to stimulate powerfully the alimentary canal; and a portion of it finding its way into the stomach, acts as an emetic upon that organ, and causes the vehement vomitings which always accompany the purging, and characterize the disease now under consideration. In the majority of cases, of the late epidemic, a natural crisis was thus produced; the habit was relieved of the offending cause; the febrile action which had been induced quickly subsided; the stomach recovered its tone, and health gradually returned. The only medicines which were requisite, were mild demulcent fluids, such as weak chicken broth, thin gruel, or an emulsion made with equal parts of sweet and bitter almonds; in many cases mint tea, or even simple warm water, were found to be adequate for clearing the alimentary canal of its acrimonious contents. Many cases, however, necessarily, required

* Sydenham.

a more active treatment; and were managed in the manner stated in our Report for July, at which time, also, *Bilious Cholera*, although not epidemic, yet, very generally prevailed.

Independent of the extreme heat of the weather, *Bilious Cholera* is often induced, at this season of the year, by imprudence in drinking freely of cold liquids immediately after severe exercise, when the body is streaming with perspiration; and by eating unripe and indigestible fruits. We have known several instances, also, in which it has been induced by the alarm which many individuals experience during thunder storms. At least, this effect of a thunder storm on the habit is, generally, attributed to fright; although, it is possible, that the electric state of the atmosphere may have some share in producing it, as many individuals are capable of prognosticating the approach of a thunder storm, by the state of the intestinal organs.

The debilitating effects of severe *Bilious Cholera* on the digestive organs, are often more to be dreaded than the temporary sufferings which attend the disease; since it is followed by heartburn, water brash, indigestion, emaciation, and, worse than these, hypochondriasis, with all its train of shadowy horrors. It is not our intention to descant either upon the nature or the treatment of these diseases at present; but we mention them, as the sequel of *Bilious Cholera*, to caution our friends against too soon renouncing Galen, Rhubarb, and Epsom. Because the vomiting has ceased, the diarrhoea moderated, and the gripings have abated, we must not, too hastily, believe that we are again on the threshold of Hygieia; nor unwarily dismiss our physician. We may hint, however, *sub gratia Esculapii*, that nothing is more likely to prevent these evils supervening an attack of *Cholera*, than a course of bitters; Calumba or Cascarella, for example, combined with large doses of carbonate of Soda, taken twice or thrice a day; and a pill, containing two or three grains of the blue pill, and a grain of *Ipecacuanha*, taken nightly at bed time. We do not mention these remedies to the detriment of the Faculty; for, as we have frequently declared our determined enmity to quackery, we have, on the other hand, the most brotherly love for the whole tribe of learned Leeches, and would rather swallow half a pill of Barclay, James's dialectic, or any of the poisonous boluses daily advertised, than say one word to ruffle a single hair of their heads, wigs not being, now, the costume of the sapient in physic. Our hint is intended solely for those of our readers who are, at this period, in the fields or on the moors, and whom our Gazette is more likely to reach, than any peripatetic or equitant prescriber, in the country. As to the possibility of procuring what we have recommended, that is their affair.

Besides *Bilious Cholera*, *Typhus*, it is reported, has appeared in some of the villages in the vicinity of London, during the last month. We must declare that we are sceptical on this point, and believe, that the fever which has received this terrific name, is merely the autumnal Remittent. We do not use the term *merely*, as thinking lightly of this fever; for we are fully aware that it, sometimes, is as fatal to the individual whom it attacks, as typhus; but, then, it is not infectious, although the sphere of operation of the local causes which produce it be greater than those of the infection of typhus, yet is it less to be dreaded. It, indeed, under peculiar circum-

stances assumes a typhoid character; and, in constitutions depressed by want, bad food, and other causes which lower the nervous energy of the body, it may even terminate in typhus; yet, in the present state of the country, with an abundant harvest, and every cheering prospect before the labourer, we must again repeat, that we are sceptical as to the appearance of typhus, in any village in the vicinity of the metropolis.

The autumnal Remittent fever, to which we have alluded, is produced by the same causes, with the addition of marsh effluvia, as *bilious cholera*. The body exposed to great atmospheric heat, is relaxed and debilitated; the liver is powerfully excited; and a part of the excess of bile which it pours out being absorbed, is again carried into the circulation, and acting as a sedative upon the nervous system, increases the debility already existing, and predisposes the body to the influence of the exciting causes of fever. At this season of the year, particularly after a moist summer, these are found in the exhalations from marshes; which, being acted upon by a powerful sun, are now in a putrescent state, owing to the decomposition of both animal and vegetable matter. To the admixture of putrifying animal effluvia with the usual marsh exhalations, and the peculiar state of predisposition of the body at this season, may, probably, be ascribed the appearance of remittent fever instead of ague; but this is adventuring upon hypothetical ground.

The autumnal remittent is preceded in its attack by great lassitude, languor, yawning, and general restlessness; which are succeeded by rigour, heat of skin, quick pulse; a parched yellow tongue, with a dark streak in the centre of it, headach, and an extremely irritable state of the stomach, which rejects almost every thing that is swallowed. The degree of fever generally abates at some period of the day; but there is no complete intermission, and it returns with increased violence, accompanied with delirium, and a greater degree of debility, until either a crisis take place or it terminate in death. It does not come within the intention of our reports to lay down any plan of medical treatment for this disease, which requires in every instance the superintending care, the highest medical judgment and experience. By pointing out its causes, and detailing its characteristic symptoms, our purpose will be answered, if our report can serve as a beacon to warn the ignorant of the danger of residing in the neighbourhood of swampy grounds, particularly at this season; and the risk of trifling with so virulent a disease, when it has made its attack. No complaint requires more attentive nursing; and in none is it more essential to follow strictly the orders of the medical practitioner in attendance. To the eye of the experienced physician, the distinction between this fever and *Typhus* is sufficiently obvious, and it is to be lamented that they are ever confounded, as it not only extends the influence of the exciting causes, by the predisposition which is, generally, consequent upon fear and other depressing impressions; but, by producing the alarm of infection in the nurses and other attendants of the sick room, the patient is apt to be neglected.

With the exception of the Epidemic and the Endemic, which we have noticed, a few cases of rheumatism, and some of colic, arising from the too free use of plums, cucumbers,

and similar crude articles of vegetable diet, with the ordinary catarrhal and ephemeral fevers, from which no period of the year is exempt, the metropolis and its vicinity have been unusually healthy, during the last month. Happily, indeed, has it been so ordered, for we scarcely recollect any autumn in which so many of the Faculty have been absent: some taking a peep at the continent, whilst peace reigns and it can be traversed in safety; others inhaling the sea breezes and pocketing a few fees on the coast; or enjoying *otium cum dignitate* on their well merited estates, in Leicestershire or elsewhere; a third set steaming it northward, with the resolution of Earl Percy, "to take their pleasure on the Scottish hills," and a few, we trust the number is indeed small, seeking for that health which they have lost in their exertions to bestow it upon others, amid

----- the rural wilds,
----- the vales,
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever undulating sky;
A kindly sky! whose fostering power regulates
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
(Amid) some woodland scene where Nature smiles
Benign, where all her honest children thrive.

And which we recommend as far preferable to all the fashionable watering places in the island, for those who are flying from death, disease, and the doctor.

GARDENING REPORT AND KALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

The weather during August has been, on the whole, favourable for the ripening of fruits. Melons have seldom been abundant; pears are good; apples rather scarcer than usual at this season; and good apricots, peaches, and plums, dear. Pine-apples in plenty, and at moderate prices. The late rains have injured the Dahlias, and it is questionable whether they will flower freely, unless where trained against walls,—a practice by no means common, but which, where there is any spare walling, amply repays the trouble by the number and magnitude of the flowers, and by the certainty of the seeds ripening. The Marvel of Peru is another showy plant at this season, and flowers most vigorously when taken up annually and replanted, like the Dahlia. The same may be said of the scarlet-bean, which is a perennial fusiform rooted plant like the last. In the garden of the Horticultural Society are some fine new annuals, showy and free flowering plants, from the same quarter of the world, which in a year or two will have found their way into the Commercial Gardens, and will thenceforth prove valuable accessions to our autumnal flowers.

The operations in the kitchen-garden of most importance are the preparations for a supply of salading during winter, and in the succeeding spring. Most of these salads should be sown in a dry border sloping to the sun, or under a south wall. Spinach may be sown in the opener parts of the garden, and also some in a warm situation to come in early. Seedling cauliflowers should be transplanted, part under a frame, and part under a wall, to stand the winter, and be re-transplanted in spring. Cabbages, celery, savoy, leeks, and other articles of that kind, may be transplanted for successional crops, the main crops having been put in last month. In such a season as this, it frequently happens that crops intended to come into use in winter, run to flower during this month; such as endive,

chicory, lettuce, celery, &c.: in that case the value of successional crops is evident, and they will be forward in proportion to the others.

In the greenhouse there will now be a number of the tender annuals, as balsams, combs, &c. nearly done flowering. If the wood work requires painting, this is the fittest time to do it, before taking in the plants; an operation which should be commenced with the tenderest sorts in the second, and finished with most sorts in the last week of the month. After being set in the house, the lights should be kept open night and day, till there is danger from very heavy rains and frosts. Whenever heavy rains occur, the roof sashes should be put on, and the front and ends left open.

As our excursion for this month we shall take Springrove, the garden of Lady Banks. The gardener here is one of the most successful cultivators of kitchen-crops, and fruits, both hardy and exotic, of any round London. The varieties of potatoe, onion, lettuce, endive, celery, cabbage, broccoli, and the like, which he cultivates, are the very best of their kinds, and such as are rarely to be met with. The lettuces and endive, both last and this year, were and are astonishingly large, and not less so the cabbage and cauliflowers. So careful is Mr. Oldacre in selecting his seed and keeping it pure, that in large quarters of cabbages, onions, and potatoes, not a single plant is to be seen of a different height or colour of leaf from the general stock; and any of the true kind that tend to shoot, are instantly removed. The crops of peaches and nectarines, both in the open air and in the houses, are excellent; those in the latter most superiorly so—large, finely coloured, and highly flavoured. Mr. O. holds with Mr. Knight, the President of the Horticultural Society, that peaches cannot be ripened with a good colour and flavour unless the glasses be removed at the ripening season, and they are fully exposed to the direct influence of the sun and the weather. The pines here are not of large size; but regular crops of Queens, from one to four pounds are produced, of the highest flavour, and which, as they are contrived to be coming into use during nine months of the year, are most convenient for a small family. The grapes are of various sorts; but Mr. O. decidedly prefers the Hamburgh and St. Peters as sure and abundant bearers: the crops of these two sorts, which he has had from the same plants for two years in succession, are astonishing. We think them too great; the wood and leaves necessary to support them darken the house rather too much, and must prevent that free circulation of air and proportion of light necessary to the berries attaining the proper flavour and firmness.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE LITTLE HAMMER.

STROLLING, the other day, and meditating on sundry important matters, I found myself near a Blacksmith's Shop, or Study as they call 'em in Scotland. I wondered that the Great Unknown had never introduced a Blacksmith and his plutonic region into one of these illustrious Novels. The subject is certainly good, classical, and striking. I cannot tell how the crotchet entered my head; but I had not looked at the work going on for more than a minute, before I fancied that it was so exceedingly literary, and so like reviewing, that I could hardly tell the difference between the two. Here, for example,

was the original matter to be operated upon—a piece of hard, unyielding, misshapen, and obdurate iron; just like a stiff, uncouth, pedantic, and stubborn author. Then it is submitted to the test—the fire; and then comes the blacksmith and his men, and they beat it miserably, till it either flies into splinters or assumes a better form. But what pleased me most was to see one or two monstrous big muscular fellows, who, every three minutes, made a terrible large hammer descend with a prodigious bang upon the glowing metal—it looked as every stroke would annihilate: but the iron not only withstood these, but also a succession of blows from lesser mauls; and, even besides these, there was such a peal rung upon it by a tinkinnabulary circle of little hammers—going ding, dong, ding, dong, as if making up a harmony with the mighty toms and their adjuncts, that it seemed to me as if the thumping were enough to knock all the goodness out of the material; which, by the by, a distinct person turned and twisted about like a very devil, with a pair of pincers, and finally plunged it hissing into a stygian and inky darkness of water.

This process being again and again repeated, I was agreeably surprised to see at last, the hard, unyielding, misshapen, and obdurate substance, converted into handsome ornaments and useful articles. And thus it is, said I, triumphing, in literature. These big hammers are the quarterly Reviewers, who come thundering down upon glowing authors every three months;—the lesser wights are the Monthly Mags.;—and of these pretty vivid polishing pieces of mechanism, which ting-a-ring so swiftly, so sweetly, so usefully, and so harmoniously, why this is the four hundredth hit of one of them—*Little Hammer*—THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

P. S. I am sorry to add that the Smiths have made me pay footing for observing their mode of operations so steadfastly; but as it was for the public good, I trust I may rely on repayment of a gallon of beer. T. H. L. G.

FINE ARTS.

Views of Collegiate and Parochial Churches in Great Britain, from Drawings by J. P. Neale. Engraved by J. Le Keux. With Historical and Architectural Descriptions.

Of this beautiful work, the commencement of which we noticed with such entire approbation, eight monthly Numbers have now successively appeared; and each has sustained, if not augmented, the original credit of the design. The engravings are as charmingly executed, as the subjects are various and generally interesting. The letter-press is replete with curious notices, both of ancient and modern affairs; and the observations on the Arts (wherever they are called for by the style of architecture, or sculpture and heraldry on the monuments,) are extremely judicious. We are sorry that we cannot convey to our readers any idea of the truth, brilliancy, and spirit, with which M. Le Keux has performed his part in this excellent production; but we will, by making a few selections from the descriptions, indicate some of the Views engraved, and at the same time give a medley example of the text:

1. In No. 11. "There are no modern monuments of particular interest in the Church (Leominster.) In the churchyard is the tomb of Mr. John Ward, many years manager of a company of comedians, and grandfather of the late Mr. John Kemble and of Mrs. Siddons. It bears the following inscription:

Here waiting for our Saviour's great assize,
And hoping thro' his merits hence to rise,
In glorious mode, in this dark closet lies
John Ward, Gent.
Who died Oct. 30, 1773,
Aged 69."

2. No. vi. Of St. Mary's Church, Worstead, Norfolk, it is related—

"In the time of Edward the Confessor, the Lordship of this town belonged to the Abbot of St. Benet at Holme, being the gift of King Canute, and is mentioned in Domesday Boke by the name of *Wordestre*, under the possessions of that Abbot, together with lands, valued at 4l.; there were at the time of the Conqueror's survey, two churches with twenty-eight acres, as provision for the Monks of St. Benet.

"The Manor was then held of the Abbot by Robert, an officer of the cross-bowmen, whose son Odo, assumed, according to the custom of that age, the name of De Worstede, or Worsted, from this his seat and Lordship.

"The Town is situated in the Hundred of Tunstead, twelve miles from the city of Norwich, and twenty-one from Yarmouth, chiefly consisting of a single street. It stands on a small stream running into the Thyrn, a tributary to the River Yare, and is remarkable for being the first place where twisted yarn was manufactured, which obtained from the circumstance the name of *Worsted*. Weavers and workers of that material are mentioned in records as early as the reign of Edward III., and obtained privileges in that of Richard II.; but the town has actually declined in modern times, the market on Saturday has been long disused, and in 1811, it contained only 108 inhabited houses, and a population of 619 persons."

3. No. vii. In the description of St. Nicholas Church, South Lopham, Norfolk, we read—

"The neighbourhood is remarkable for three curiosities, or Wonders, as they were formerly called. First, *The self-grown Stone*, which is a tree naturally formed to answer this purpose. Second, *The Oxfoot Stone*, a large pebble, bearing an impression similar to that made by an ox's foot, but which is evidently the exuvial mark of some bivalve shell, at one time imbedded in the fossil. Third, *Lopham Ford*, where the sources of the rivers Waveney and Little Ouse, are within three yards of each other. The latter is a Causeway between the two streams, which flow in a contrary direction. The Waveney runs eastward, by Scole and Bungay, to Yarmouth. The Little Ouse separates this county from Suffolk, and flows by the town of Thetford to Brandon, in a south-west course."

4. Same Number. St. James Church, Campden, Gloucestershire—

"Campden is celebrated in the early period of history as the traditional place of Congress of all the kings of the Saxon Heptarchy, where they deliberated upon the best mode of carrying on the war with the Britons; the town is situated in a fertile and well cultivated valley, twenty-eight miles north-east from the city of Gloucester.

"The Church is a magnificent structure, worthy of the period in which it was erected, which, from the style of the architecture, tradition, and other circumstances, is supposed to have been about the beginning of the reign of Richard II. The massive and ornamental Tower, its grand feature, rises in very fine proportion, the height of 105 feet to the upper mouldings, exclusive of the open embattled parapet, enriched with pinnacles,

twelve in number, which give an aerial lightness to the structure. - - -

"At the east end of the north Aisle is a large altar-tomb for Mr. Robert Lilly, uncle to the celebrated astrologer of that name; he died 21st of October 1636, æt. 54."

Of the Church of Stratford-upon-Avon a very interesting account is given, containing some valuable original matter; but having said enough to recommend this publication, we shall only quote part of an Epitaph which is near the sacred dust of Shakspeare, upon a rudely sculptured and very ancient monument.

5. No. IV.—

"Hic nutrita erat, natus, hunc hic jacet Hilliva
Hicque magistratus fama ter munere functus,
Cumque bonos annos vixisset septuaginta
Ad terram corpus, sed mens migravit ad astra.
Hære bone, hære lived, hære diet, and byried here,
Liech Richard Hil, thrise baill of this Borrow;
Too matrones of good fame, he married in Godes feare,
And now releast in joy, he reasts from worldlie sorrow.
Heare liech intombd the corpa of Richard Hill,
A Woolen Draper beeing in his time,
Whose virtues live, whose fame dooth florish still,
Thorgh hee desolved be to dust and slime.
A mirror be, and parterne mai be made,
For such as shall evkeend him in that trade;
He did not vae to sweare, to close, eather faigne,
His brother to deffraye in bargaining;
Hee would not strive to get excessive gaine
In ani clooth orther kinde of thinge;
His servant, S. I. this treth can testifie,
A witness that beheld it with mi eie."

THE PIPER.

ENGRAVED by Edward Smith, from a painting by Wilkie, is at present the chief attractive novelty in the Print-Shops; and well merits to be marked even among the most characteristic heads of our admirable artist. To individuality it superadds some of the highest and most agreeable qualities which can be engrafted on portraiture. The expression is very happy: the sense of hearing is abstractly personified, and there is an air of satisfaction in the countenance which shows that the musical performance is quite as good as even this enthusiastic lover of the "bag-pipe's loud notes" could himself desire to squeeze out of the burthened instrument. The dress, too, is well adapted, both by colour and garb, for a striking engraving; the shirt and collar are exceedingly clever, and the Pipes and accessories are worthy of the principal figure.

The Print is executed in a bold and remarkably free style, which produces an effect consonant to the depth of the original; and indeed we have not seen any of Mr. Wilkie's smaller works, multiplied by another branch of the Arts, in a way better calculated than "The Piper" to convey an idea of the manner he has adopted in the particular instance which is imitated. The present is still further fortunate, even in its Dedication; for it is inscribed to that kind friend of Artists and the Fine Arts, Francis Freeling, Esq. Being framed, it ought to be hung in a strong light; such as its vigorous touches of mingled stiple and line require to be seen in with advantage.

CHASING IN SILVER.

It is always with pleasure that we find ourselves enabled to notice any improvement or remarkably beautiful production which connects the Fine Arts with the manufactures of our country; and we have just examined a superb example of this kind in a piece of plate executed for presentation to the Governor of Ceylon, the gallant Sir Edw. Barnes. The Subscriptions for this tribute to his con-

duct and character having amounted to a sum which allowed room for the display both of taste and magnificence in the offering, Messrs. Fisher, Braithwaite, & Jones, goldsmiths, Cockspur Street, were employed to make a Vase worthy of the occasion. The design and execution do them equal credit; and, with the exception of the Wellington Shield, we have not seen a work of the description so honourable to the Artists and present state of this Art in England. The Vase is 1200 oz. in weight, and the cost about 1500l. The figures round it are in very high relief, and represent the ancient process of making wine, from the gathering of the grape to the expression of the juice. The first figure, with the hand raised to a cluster of the vine, is of an exquisite Apollo-like cast, with a fillet about the brow, and a charming countenance. The next bears a basket, and several intervene in appropriate action, till we come to the last and finest groupe, employed with a rude lever and weight in squeezing out the life-blood of the grape. Here the figure exerting its utmost energy, and almost on the ground, is admirable in every way; and there is also great merit in the other, which is leaning on the lever. But indeed the whole series is delightfully executed; and from the representation of the human form in gracefulness and almost repose, to its appearance in muscular excitement and force, we can conceive nothing superior to this Cup. Of the borders, pedestal, &c. we need only say that they are in rich keeping with the chief design; which, we should observe, is copied from drawings by Pirenosi, of a Vase said to have been found among the ruins of Adria.

There is a contrivance by which six grand lights, in three branches, may be supported on the circumference: but the Vase itself is so very beautiful, that we should be sorry to spoil its effect by using it in this way.

Messrs. Fisher & Co. were polite in showing us this noble production, and we do not doubt they will (while it remains with them) be equally ready to gratify other visitors.*

* In the improved state of Sculpture which this country may justly boast, it is to be lamented that the art of chasing and working on metals is at so low an ebb, that it is difficult to find any who can now keep up to the spirit of the model and design. Since the time of Moser and Paye, the art of chasing has been gradually sinking; and instead of that grandeur of style and tasteful display which our silver plate exhibited sixty years since, ornaments the most frivolous, and inventions of the most puerile kind, are adopted. We are therefore happy when a work like the present appears; and hope that examples of this sort may stimulate those whose means allow them an opportunity of directing the public choice.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PHANTOM BRIDE.

And over hill and over plain
He urged his steed with spur and rein,
Till the heat drops hung on his courser's hide,
And the foam of his speed with blood was dyed.
He saw a bird cut through the sky,
He longed for its wings as it fled by;
He looked on the mountain-river gushing,
He heard the wind of the forest rushing,
He saw a star from the heavens fall, [all
He thought on their swiftness, and envied them
Well the young warrior may fiercely ride,
For to-night he must woo, and must win his bride—
The maiden, whose colours his helmet has borne,
Whose picture has still next his heart been worn.
And then he thought on the myrtle grove
Where the villa stood he had built for his love:

With its pillars and marble colonnade,
 Its bright fountain beneath the palm-tree's shade;
 Fair statues and pictured porticos, [rose;
 Where the air came sweet from the gardens of
 Silver lamps; and vases filled
 With perfumed waters, from odours distilled;
 And the tapestry hung round each gorgeous room
 Was the richest of Tyre's purple loom;
 And all that his love, and all that his care,
 Had had such pride in making fair:
 And then he thought how life would glide,
 In such a home, and with such a bride,
 Like a glad tale told to the lute's soft tone,—
 Never hath happiness dwelt alone.
 And swifter he urged his courser's flight,
 When he thought on who was waiting that night.
 But once beneath a spreading shade,
 He stopped his panting steed for breath;
 And as a flickering moon-beam played,
 He saw it was a place of death.
 The lonely cypress-tree was keeping
 The watch of its eternal weeping;
 And at the head was a grey cross;
 And scattered o'er the covering moss
 Lay withered flower and faded wreath,
 That told some maiden slept beneath.
 The youth took one or two dried leaves—
 Perhaps, thought he, some lover grieves
 O'er her who rests, and now can know
 No more of human joy or wo.
 And answered to his thought a sound,
 A murmur from the plaining ground—
 He started! oh, it could but be
 The wind that swept the cypress tree.
 And almost midnight's hour was come,
 Ere he had reached his maiden's home.
 All, saring one old slave, were sleeping—
 Who, like some stealthy phantom creeping,
 Slightly and slowly led
 The wondering stranger to his bed:
 Just pointed to his supper fare,
 And the piled wood, and left him there.
 It was a large and darksome room,
 With all the loneliness and gloom
 That hang round the neglected walls
 O'er which the spider's net-work falls;
 And the murky air felt chill and damp,
 And dimly burnt the one pale lamp;
 And faint gleams from the embers broke
 Thro' their dun covering of smoke,
 And all felt desolate and drear—
 And is this, he sighed, my welcome here?
 "No—mine be thy welcome, from my lone home
 To greet thee, and claim thee mine own, am I
 He heard no step, but still by his side. [come."
 He saw her stand—his betrothed bride!
 Her face was fair, but from it was fled
 Every trace of its beautiful red;
 And stains upon her bright hair lay
 Like the dampness and earth-soil of clay;
 Her sunken eyes gleamed with that pale blue light,
 Seen when meteors are flitting at night;
 And the flow of her shadowy garments' fall,
 Was like the black sweep of a funeral pall.
 She sat her down by his side at the board,
 And many a cup of the red wine poured;
 And as the wine were inward light,
 Her cheek grew red and her eye grew bright:—
 "In my father's house no more I dwell,
 But bid not, with them, to thee farewell.
 They forced me to waste youth's hour of bloom
 In a grated cell and a convent's gloom,
 But there came a Spirit and set me free,
 And had given me rest but for love of thee—
 There was fire in my heart, and fire in my brain,
 And mine eyes could not sleep till they saw thee
 My home is dark, my home is low, [again.
 And cold the love I can offer now;
 But give me one curl of thy raven hair,
 And, by all thy hopes in heaven, swear
 That chance what may, thou wilt claim thy bride,
 And thou to-morrow shalt lie by my side."
 He gave the curl, and wildly pressed
 Her cold brow to his throbbing breast;
 And kiss'd the lips, as his would share
 With hers their warmth and vital air,—
 As kiss and passionate avers
 Could warm her wan child-loveliness,

And calm upon his bosom she lay,
 Till the lark sang his morning hymn to the day;
 And a sun-beam thro' the curtain shone,—
 As passes a shadow—the maiden was gone!
 That day the youth was told the tale,
 How she had pined beneath the veil
 And died, and then they show'd her grave—
 He knew that cypress's green wave—
 That night, alone, he watched his bride—
 The next they laid him by her side. L. E. L.

From the Italian of Filicaja.
 GOD.

O! Thou, who mad'st the universe, and gave
 This frame its vital heat; who dost command
 O'er earth, and seas, and heav'n; beneath
 whose hand
 Eternity and time—the lord and slave—
 Lie subject; Thou, who o'er the night didst wave
 Thy sable wings; before whose mighty wand
 The day and light burst joyous; who dost stand,
 And shalt, unmov'd, though all shall tremble,
 Thyself; who seest all, yet art unseen; [save
 Who hast no dwelling, but whose spirit per-
 vades [snarl
 All space; who gave the cold and heat; whose
 The bad shall feel, whose gifts the good shall
 glean— [praise—
 Thou art—I know not what—yet fain would
 Or one—or three—or—Thou art that 'Thou
 art. W. W. R.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

HOME MONOMIENSES.—LETTER VII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the title under which I have marshalled this series of lucubrations, and which professes to confine the scene of the little events described to "sweet Monomia" itself, I should be very sorry to pay so much deference to consistency, as to restrain myself from the pleasure of taking in a flying good thing which I have caught at in spots to which my attention was less particularly directed. I shall therefore in this and my next letters give you some of my first gleanings on my arrival in the country, and which in point of fact were then set down.
 Let your philosophical contributors fix the cause, I content myself with asserting this fact, that in every considerable town except Dublin, where I have yet sojourned, practical hoax seems to be the esteemed relaxation of gentlemen at large of the middle rank, and men of business and profession, whose facile methods of despatch, or whose waste time, allows them the primary means for its indulgence. Passing by countless instances of this scientific waggery, which, if you had been as long as I have been in Ireland, would amuse you, allow me to submit one grand tour illustrative of the almost desperate extent to which it can reach. I am about to mention important facts and dates, and am aware of the authenticity upon which I ought to base my narrative; but if my own eyes and ears may serve, they are your warrant in attaching implicit credence to the sequel. In one word, I shall not state a circumstance which I do not know of my own knowledge.

Thus, then, you will easily call to mind, that at the death of the ever-to-be-lamented Princess, now some years ago, the day of interment was previously understood throughout the United Kingdom, and every town and village proposed to mourn the melancholy event on a Wednesday, I believe, with closed shops, suspension of business, prayers and homilies. I need not remind you that I was then in Ireland, partly on your own mission, and residing in a certain city of Ireland. The appointed morn rose on that certain city as on all the others, and the people dutiously

attended, or rather began to attend, to the orders judicially issued for its ad observance. No shopkeeper unmasked the broad and shining face of his shop window; no petty marketing or cries ushered in the day; death-bells were knelling; the loyal and pious, including the garrison, proposed to go to divine service; and all the preachers in the town had been up two hours before their usual rising time, to re-con and polish the long-balanced funeral oration. These were the symptoms down to half-past seven o'clock; but lo! at or about that hour, forth rushes the town crier, without a hat, his face pale, his looks wild, his gesticulation vehement, and his voice choked with precipitancy; and he rings me his bell at every corner, and endeavours to pronounce the following:—"By special orders of Mr. Mayor, the funeral is not to take place till Friday morning. God save the King!" The shops were opened, the bells ceased to toll, and business and bustle proceeded as usual. I went to the public reading-room to satisfy myself on this extraordinary occurrence. The Dublin mail had not arrived; but the Mayor had received the news by despatch from the Castle the night before, and all was right. It was eight—half-past eight o'clock, and we heard, at last, the "twanging horn" of the mail-coach as it drew up at its allotted resting-place. Many a wistful eye now peered out of the windows adown the street to reconnoitre the boy, who had been for an hour before placed with his shoulder to the little black wooden pane in the shop window of "the post-office." He came at last, pale and breathless, and with an ominous pendency in his jaw—*foroh!* he had held whispering converse with that important inland personage, the guard of the mail, and his ear still sang with fearful sounds. We tore open the papers—the Dublin papers of the preceding evening, despatched at eight o'clock, six hours sooner than a Mercury could have left town to be in — at one o'clock in the morning, which was the case stated. We tore them open, I say; our eyes glanced like electricity to the readings of the different journals, then to the tail of the column, where "second edition," in good capitals, ought to have been. We did this and more. *We*—who? The magistrates of the city among the rest, with the Mayor at their head!—the wise caterers for public order and decorum!—the men of counsel and council!—the "Daniels—I say the Daniels!" Muse of Hogarth or of Rabelais! coquet with me only for one felicitous instant, while I try to paint the vacuity of horror, yet redolence of the ridiculous, which bespoke the first full suspicion of a hoax, that was—no doubt—villanously—good, but also of a blunder that was execrably palpable! But I dare only leave this scene to the imagination: Let it suffice that the Mayor appealed to his despatch from the Secretary—produced it—and, to mend the matter, "lo, 'twas red!" What could be done? The town itself might be managed after a manner—the crier might make another *sortie* to cause the shops to be shut, and the customers turned out—the bells might easily be set again in motion; but the country districts, the villages six, eight, ten, fifteen miles off! At seven o'clock in the morning the two troops of horse in garrison had been despatched to these several places with orders to suspend the homilies till Friday: there was not a trooper left to pursue them with countermanding orders!—and again I inquire, what could be done? Nothing but what was

done. That day, while all the rest of the British empire mourned, the city of — and her dependencies waxed merry and busy; and when the cloud had past from the world beside, they had at last their time of exclusive sorrow. Any comment upon the moral propriety of this hoax might be out of season,—certainly would be superfluous. If contemplated to the excess it ran, there can be no second opinion as to the delinquency; and in any view it was most indecorous, and no doubt you and your readers will call it shocking. But I am strongly led to question the first case; and with the second can have little to do. I only state, as in duty bound, facts, that even in their excesses present to you, I think, a trait of national character, whose demerits at least contain some, and a peculiar mental activity—in idleness.

And since we have stumbled on national portraiture, suffer me to present you with another feature which may interest. I have met more than one profound Munchausen in Ireland; that is, a regular story-teller, who glories in his talent, who has built up to himself much fame and admiration from its repeated exercise, and whose effort is to preserve his character by a succession of ridiculous fictions. The king of this race of queer mortals is now dead; he abode in the very metropolis; was the idol of merry meetings in taverns, and at respectable private houses too; and, by all I can learn, never had compeer. His name was Sweetman—"Jack Sweetman."—Oh! how the bare mention of his name will set poor Seetch's eyes twinkling, and slightly curve the right line of even Mr. O'Regan's mouth!—"As master Slender would observe, however, 'He is dead—Jack Sweetman is dead;'" and those of his unconscious emulators whom I have seen were not your city wags: Pure rustic geniuses they; teeming with their own original conceptions, and flinging them out and about in their own quaint idiom and slippery tongue. The picture of the cleverest of them I have encountered, is before me: A comfortable country gentleman, about fifty years of age, tall, a little fat, a round red shining face, not at all strongly marked, and no index to his talent, if you should except the sparkle of two small blue eyes, rebelling against the affectation of gravity imposed on his well closed lips. At his own table, or at any other table, he was and is the father of tempestuous laughter. He knows what is expected from him—and that is every thing—and without apparent effort he yields full and eternal satisfaction. I have heard him always with amazement, and, I must own, often with real excitement of spirits. We have no idea of such a man in England. He has told in my presence, upon four or five occasions that I have sat with him, half a hundred stories at least, no one resembling the other, and, I have been informed by those who knew him long, unlike any that he had ever told before. In fact, during some thirty years of professional practice, it would appear he scarcely ever finds it necessary to repeat himself. This you will say is imaginative fecundity with a vengeance. If you proceed to interrogate me on the merit or style of these extemporaneous effusions, I fear I can answer nothing satisfactory. As to matter, they are the most monstrous and matchless combinations of narrative, out-Munchausening Munchausen—always new, always jangling against each other; and, all I can add is, fit to be laughed at for their very unfitness to any thing else. But you should hear this

man tell them. There is the whole charm. You should listen to him as he sits at his ease with his whisky-punch before him, and his friends around him, and his face in its unclouded meridian, without a muscle wincing, as the fluent words quietly pour out for ever, and choke every one else with convulsions of mirth: Let your fancy so far assist me as to get him thus present, and I proceed, as the best mode of illustration, to relate one—though by no means one of the best of his stories. I select it for its brevity. It would begin thus: "Arrah, come now—(turning to a grave guest)—this will never do, father Corkoran—maister, sir, maister—or maybe you'd be for an oyster? We'll get them there; an' I pray God there may'n't be such a story to tell o' them as the night last week that the gauger was here. I was in town that day, an' bought just as fine a hundred as ever was seen; Dick put them down on the dairy floor to keep them cool; and here we sat as we are now, God bless us all, after dinner, when we heard such a screeching an' hubbub as rang thro' the house, an' brought us out to see what was the matter. Into the dairy we went—an' I'll tell you how it happened. The rats came in, you see, in the dark, an' were for being curious about the oysters; an' one of the oysters that was as curious an' just as cute as any of the rats, opened himself a little to take a peep about the dairy; an' when a rat put in his fore foot to have a crook at the oyster, faith it held him as fast as it could; which not being to the rat's mind, nothing could come up to the passion he gat into, an' the noise he made. We staid some time looking on, an' then went out for a dog to worry the rat; an' as we had to go thro' the yard to the dog, we were for stepping down stairs quietly, when—what would you think?—By the life of O'Pharoh, Sir, we were forced to stand aside, an' give way to a hundred rats at least, that were come from borrowing a crow-bar from the forge, an' they had it between them, walking up stairs in a body to break open the oyster an' deliver their namesake from his hands."—I shall add no comment upon this fanciful narrative, further than to say, that it strikes me to be quite as good as the three hundred rats of which Mr. Hogg has made memorable use in his last Novel. OSCAR.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

On Saturday evening, *The Clandestine Marriage* was performed at this Theatre. Mr. Farrow's Lord Ogleby is so well known, and so highly and justly appreciated, that any detailed remarks upon it would be unnecessary. We shall merely observe, that, upon this occasion, he rather surpassed than equalled his previous representations of that arduous character. Fanny, the interesting and amiable Fanny, was performed, for the first time, by Miss Chester; and it is but justice to her to say that she sustained the part with delicacy, feeling, and good taste. Mr. Cooper's Lovewell, and Mr. Vining's Sir John Melville, are also entitled to great praise; nor must we omit a favourable mention of Harley and Mrs. Gibbs. Here, however, we must close our panegyric. The rest of the characters, with the exception of little Williams, who was passable in Sterling, were most wretchedly filled. West, who appears to attempt every thing, failed completely in Canton; he had neither the accent, the deportment, nor the manners of the obsequious Swiss. Mrs. Wind-

sor, too, was outrageously noisy and unmeaning in Mrs. Heidelberg; and Mr. Younger's Sergeant Flower is a walking libel upon the whole Bar.

After the Comedy, a new Farce was produced, for the first time, under the title of *'T would Puzzle a Conjurer*. This little piece is founded upon one of those romantic and almost marvellous adventures with which the life of Peter the Great so plentifully abounds; but it has little claim to novelty, as the subject has been already dramatised in various ways—once in our own recollection as an Opera, and more recently even, in something approaching to its present shape. The story of this trifle is easily told: The Czar is at the dock-yard of Sardaam, disguised as a ship-builder, when the German and French ambassadors, having found some clue to his retreat, arrive in search of him. About the same time, Van Dunder, the Burgomaster of the place, receives an official communication, informing him that a foreigner of the name of Peter, of a suspicious character, is supposed to be employed in the yard, and desiring him to keep a sharp look-out, and attempt to discover who he really is. To obey this command, however, is not a very easy matter; for, as the worthy magistrate did not happen to live in an age when "national schools" were in fashion, reading and writing are not included in the list of his accomplishments. To increase the difficulty, there is also another strange workman of the same christian name, who has deserted from the Russian service, and is therefore as mysterious and as anxious to avoid answering questions as his namesake. From this circumstance the whole interest of the Drama is derived. The German Envoy fixes upon the false Peter, and the French upon the real one. Various scenes of equivocal ensue, until certain treaties are signed, certain rebellions break out, and certain embargos are laid upon the shipping. The piece then ends, as the Irishman would say, without ending at all; for we leave the hero at the fall of the curtain in much greater difficulties than we found him at its rise. This Farce has but little merit as a formal dramatic composition, but it is singularly fortunate in being admirably acted. Cooper, as the Czar, retains enough of the royal deportment, to mark the distinction that subsists between himself and his fellow-labourers, and is well contrasted with Harley, who cannot at all make out how he could have become an object of so much consequence to kings and emperors, and whose amazement, as it gradually increases, is very ludicrously and ably expressed. Liston, also, is inimitable: his attempts to conceal his deficiencies, and his anxiety, at the same time, to show his sagacity in finding out the real Peter, are given in the richest and broadest style of humour: nothing can exceed the expression of his features, when, scene after scene, he hears and sees all that is going forward, and yet is not a jot the wiser. We never saw him so thoroughly mystified before. Mrs. Chatterly was very lively in the Burgomaster's Niece; but the part is hardly worthy her abilities. The "corps diplomatique," in the persons of Messrs. Younger, Johnson, and Coveney, do not exactly agree with our ideas of accomplished ministers; but they were, like the greater part of the characters, in "humble weeds," and therefore how they might have looked in gold and silver, we had not an opportunity of seeing. The piece was well received, and whimsically announced by Liston for a future representation.

POLITICS.

THE death of Louis XVIII. King of France, on Thursday morning, at 4 A.M. the 16th of September, was announced in London yesterday. His last scene, after the many vicissitudes of his earthly career, was worthy of a Christian King. No sensation has been created in London, and apparently no political excitement in France, where Charles X. now reigns.

From Greece the news is very contradictory; and from Mexico we learn that Iturbide has been taken and shot.

VARIETIES.

On Wednesday se'night died, the Rev. John Sim, B. A. of a gradual decay of nature. He was in his 78th year, being born in 1746. He was a native of Kincardineshire. He had been the intimate friend of Sir W. Jones, Day, Mickle, and many other eminent literary men of that period. In 1772 he succeeded his friend Mickle as corrector of the Clarendon Press, and entered at St. Alban Hall. In 1806, he published a complete edition of Mickle's Works, and prefixed to it an interesting memoir of the deceased poet. During the latter years of his life he performed no clerical duty, but lived retired, amusing himself with literature till within a few days of his death.—*Oxford Herald*.

Donna del Lago.—Rossini's Opera of Donna del Lago was last week represented at the Theatre Royal Italian in Paris, for the first time, but without much success. The critics, in the French Journals, complain bitterly of the inability of the performers, and attribute the cold reception of the opera principally to that cause.

Litz, the German musical boy, of whom we have frequently spoken in our Gazette, is composing (say the Paris Journals) an Opera entitled *Don Sancho*; the words by M. Theaulon. He is now only 11 years old.

General Pichegru.—The statue of General Pichegru, in plaster of Paris, eight feet and a half in height, with the symbolical figures of a lion and a dog at its feet, are about to be transferred from the atelier of M. Fragonard to the Louvre, where it will form a part of the exhibition of the present year. It will afterwards be cast in bronze by M. Mesnel; and the cast will be erected in the place of its destination, at the *fête* of St. Louis, next year.

Eleven hundred and fifty-two Artists have contributed to the annual Exhibition at the Louvre, Paris, now open.

Zoology.—The prospectus circulated relative to Freycinet's Voyage round the World, states that the Atlas of Zoology will contain prints of 254 animals or pieces of anatomy, among which, 227 are new species, comprehending 15 new genera; and the remainder belong to species little known, or not yet engraved. The text will, besides, contain descriptions of 80 new species of which there are no drawings, so that the whole number of new animals brought into notice by this voyage, amounts to Three hundred and seven! The Mollusca and Polypus are also represented as forming a very valuable collection; and much praise is given to the Botanical department.

Hastings Castle.—Some interesting excavations are being made about the ruins of the old castle of Hastings. Remains of the Chapel (destroyed after Temp. Hen. VIII.) and of the Gateway between the inner and outer balliums (of a much more ancient date),

besides skeletons, &c. &c. have been discovered. Lord Chichester, as proprietor of the place, with a laudable zeal encourages the works now in progress, to bring more of this ancient edifice to light.

New Mode of Manufacturing and Purifying Inflammable Gas.—A patent has been granted to Mr. Simeon Broadmeadow, civil engineer, for this valuable and truly important discovery, which supercedes the necessity of the retorts, mouth-pieces, hydraulic mains, purifiers, and other expensive articles and erections hitherto used. The simplicity of the apparatus renders the discovery interesting to every scientific man; whilst the advantages derived from it in other respects, are such as will, on inspection, sufficiently prove its general utility. On this plan, the gas is generated in a common brick oven, and conveyed through the condenser into the gas-holder in its impure state, where, by the introduction of atmospheric air, it is rendered perfectly pure, and not to be excelled in quality. The coke thus manufactured is of the best quality, and calculated to cover the expense of the coal and labour.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

A Mad Wolf.—A mad wolf lately rushed out of the forest of Mets, situated in the communes of Tonquin and Maupertuis in France, ran furiously over the neighbouring country, and bit eleven persons and a great number of cattle. Five persons, and many of the cattle, have died in consequence.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..... 9	from 40 to 63	29.58 — 29.72
Friday..... 10	50 — 66	29.74 — 29.70
Saturday..... 11	52 — 65	29.63 — 29.73
Sunday..... 12	55 — 62	29.59 — 29.68
Monday..... 13	45 — 68	29.36 — 29.05
Tuesday..... 14	50 — 69	29.30 — 29.00
Wednesday..... 15	60 — 75	29.98 — 30.09

Wind N.E. and N.W. till 19th, then S. and S.W.

Generally cloudy, with frequent rain till the afternoon of the 12th; since generally fair. A rather strong parhelia formed about 7 in the morning of the 15th.

Rain fallen 4 inch and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch.

A remarkably strong and beautiful meteor on the evening of the 8th inst. about 10 o'clock: its motion was very slow from the North, keeping its parallelism with the horizon, at an altitude of about 35°.

Comet.—The evening of the 16th being very favourable for observing the Comet, I hasten to give a few particulars; but must in the first place apologize for having stated in the last Number, that the Comet on the 8th inst. was situated near the Stars 39 and 44 of Bootes, the extreme brilliancy of the Moon at the time having misled me. The position of the Stars is indeed very similar to those above mentioned, though the Comet could not at that time even have entered the constellation Bootes.

At 9 last night it had just entered Bootes, being situated near two small Stars, not named in Jamieson's Atlas, a little distance from the index of La Lande's *Mural Quadrant* having a right ascension of about 53°, and declination 46° N. Its position was easily to be found by reference to the Stars γ and ν in the right leg of Hercules, through which Stars if a line be drawn it will just touch the lower of the two Stars to which the telescope must be directed.

By means of a good opera-glass (with which it could plainly be discerned last night,) its position may thus easily be seen for a few nights. Move the object glass in a direction from the triangle 1, 2, 4, in the right leg of Hercules, to the triangle χ θ in the right hand of Bootes; and if for this evening's observation (Saturday,) the glass must be directed rather more than once upon this distance from the triangle 1, 2, 4, in the leg of Hercules.

* This triangle is easily found by reference to Benetnash in Ursa Major, towards which constellation the Comet is advancing.
Edmonton. C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B.'s lines have, if received, been rendered invisible: probably owing to the trifleness of the subject. Many of *Nomelin's* thoughts are original, but they are not sufficiently polished in poetical expression.

We hope *Caroline* is neither so old nor so generally known as her anecdote.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

The Visitor's Guide in Leamington Spa, &c. 12mo. 8s. 6d.—Sayings and Doings, 4th edit. 3 vols. post. 8vo. 35s.—Bull's Sermons, 8vo. 10s.—Barnett's Official Report on Fever, 8vo. 4s.—O'Halloran on Ophthalmia and Remittent Fever, 8vo. 5s.—Cruise's Digest, 3d edit. 6 vols. royal 8vo. 5l. 15s. 6d.—Harding's Stenography, new edit. 12mo. 3s.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THEATRE OF ANATOMY, Blenheim-street, Great Marlborough-street.—THE AUTUMNAL COURSE OF LECTURES on Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery, will be commenced on Friday the 1st of Oct. at Two o'clock. By JOSHUA BROOKES, F.R.S. F.L.S. Soc. Chm. Nat. Cur. Mus. Soc. &c. &c. Spacious Apartments, thoroughly ventilated, and replete with every convenience, will be open for the Morning for the purpose of Dissecting and Injecting, where Mr. Brookes attends to direct the Students, and demonstrate the various parts as they appear on Dissection.—The inconveniences usually attending Anatomical Lectures are counteracted by an Antiseptic Process.—Pupils may be accommodated in the House.—Mr. Brookes's Certificates are recognized at the Royal College of Surgeons as heretofore, and independently of the regulation of 19th March, 1849.

GREECE.—Mr. ARROWSMITH has just completed a MAP of GREECE, embracing the Countries adjoining the Ionian Isles, Crete, a great part of Asia Minor, extending as far as Constantinople; on which the classical as well as the modern Names are pointed out fully and perspicuously: the whole affording, it is presumed, a useful Compendium for the traveller, the scholar, or the politician.—Price, 1s. in one sheet.

A New Map of Syria, with ancient and modern Names; on which are inserted all the Improvements made in its Geography, with the Routes of the most scientific Travellers.—In two sheets, 1l. 1s.—To be had at Arrowsmith's, Scho-square.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. LXXX.—Contents: Sir John Malcolm's Memoir of Central India.—Austria—Salvador Rosa, by Lady Morgan.—Considerations on the Law of Exalt.—History of Roman Literature, by Dantoli and Schell.—Duties on Wine and Restrictions on the Wine Trade.—Travels in America, by Duncan, Hodgson, and an English Gentleman.—Lyric Poetry of Spain, Wilton's Garcilaso de la Vega and Fisher's Floresta des Rimas Antiguas Castellanas.—Travels in Russia.—Shelley's Posthumous Poems.—Frad's Europe and America.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Co. London; and A. Constable & Co. Edinburgh.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—The Public are respectfully informed, that the new Edition of Count Las Cases's Journal of the Life and Conversations of the late Emperor Napoleon, is now ready for delivery. This Edition has been compressed into a handsome Volume, and illustrated with 24 coloured Plates and 24 Coloured Views of the House in which Napoleon was born at Ajaccio in Corsica; four coloured Views of St. Helena, taken on the spot, besides Maps, Plans, &c. The new Edition is 12s. per vol.; and for the complete Work in French or English; and as it is universally acknowledged to form the most complete epitome of the Life, Character, and opinions of this extraordinary man, it is presumed that there are few who will not be desirous of possessing it.
Published and sold by H. Colburn, 8, New Burlington-street.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

New Edition of the Irish Melodies.—In fcap. 8vo. 5th Edit. 8s. 6d.

IRISH MELODIES. By THOS. MOORE, Esq. With an Appendix, containing the original Advertisements, and the Prefatory Letter to the Editor, printed for J. P. E. Strand; and Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green.

Charles and John Bell's Anatomical and Surgical Works.

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